THE LAND WE LOVE.

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T OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

J. C. BRECKINRIDGE, MAJ. GEN.

HD. QRS., BRECKENRIDGE'S DIV., D. H. HILL'S CORPS, October, 1863.

COLONEL:—I have the honor to report the operations of my Division in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September last.

It was composed of the 2nd, 4th, 6th and 9th Ky. and 4th Ala. Regiments, with Cobb's battery, under the command of Brig. Gen. B. H. Helm: the 13th, 20th, 16th, 25th and 19th La., 32nd Ala., and Austin's Battalion Sharp Shooters, with Slocomb's Battery (5th Washington Artillery,) under the command of Brig. Gen. Daniel Adams: the 1st, 3rd and 4th Fla., 47th Geo., and 60th North Carolina Regiments, with Mebane's Battery, under the command of Brig. Gen. M. A. Stovall.

My effective strength was, of enlisted men, three thousand three hundred and ninety-five. Total three thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine.

At daylight of the 18th my command moved from Catlett's Gap, and that neighborhood in the Pigeon Mountain, and the same afternoon took position on the East bank of the Chickamauga near Glass' Mill, and composed the extreme left of the infantry of the Army. I immediately threw the 2d Ky. across the ford to skirmish with the enemy and reveal his position, the 6th Ky. being placed in close supporting distance at the mill. Adam's Brigade was sent by order of Lt. Gen. D. H. Hill to a ford a mile and a half above, where the enemy, as the cavalry reported, threatened to cross. It was so late when these dispositions were made that nothing satisfactory was developed that night.

On the morning of the 19th Slocomb, with four guns, Cobb, with two, and the remainder of Helm's Brigade were moved across Glass' Ford to ascertain the position of the enemy, while the two rifled pieces of Slocomb's Battery, under Lt. Vaught, took position on a bluff upon the east side of the

stream. An artillery engagement ensued much to our advantage, until the enemy, who occupied the better position, brought forward a number of heavy guns and showed the greater weight of metal. While the engagement was progressing, I received an order from Lt. Gen. Hill to withdraw my command, if it could be done without too great peril, and take position about three miles south of Lee and Gordon's mill, on the road leading from Chattanooga to Lafayette, and so as to cover the approach to that road from Glass' mill and the ford above; leaving a regiment and section of artillery to observe those crossings.

The movement was made in good order, Col. Dilworth, with the 1st and 3rd (consolidated) Florida, and a section of Cobb's battery being left in observation. Our casualties, which fell upon Slocomb, Cobb and Helm were 22 killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy in killed alone, as shown by an examination of the ground after the 20th, was nearly equal to the sum of our casualties. Although the enemy was in considerable strength at the fords above referred to, the result showed that it was a covering force to columns passing down the valley to unite with the centre and left of his army.

Soon after taking up the new position I was ordered to relieve Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson's Division, which was facing the enemy opposite Lee and Gordon's mill. The troops marched rapidly, yet it was late in the afternoon before this movement was completed. The Division was hardly in position when I received an order from the Gen. Commanding the army to move to the right, cross the Chickamauga at a point farther down, and occupy a position to be indicated. The Division crossed at Alexander's bridge and arriving between 10 and 11 o'clock at night at a field about a mile and a half in the rear of the right of our line of battle, bivouacked there by order of Lt. Gen. Polk. Remaining some time at Lt. Gen. Polk's camp fire, I left there two hours before daylight (the 20th) to place my command in position. During the night Gen. Polk informed me that I was to prolong the line of battle upon the right of Maj. Gen. Cleburne. Conducted by Maj. ——— of his staff and Lt. Reid, Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Hill, my Division reach Cleburne's right a little after day break. Upon the re-adjustment of his line, I formed on his right, and became the extreme right of the general line of battle. Helm was on the left of my line, Stovall in the centre and Adams on the right, the last extending across a country road leading from Reid's bridge and striking the Chattanooga road at a place called Glenn's farm. The country was wooded, with small openings, and the ground unknown to me. Our skirmishers, a few hundred yards in advance, confronted those of the enemy. Our line was supposed to be parallel with the Chattanooga road.

Soon after sunrise, I received a note from Lt. Gen. Polk directing me to advance, and about the same time Maj. Gen. Cleburne, who happened to be with me, received one of the same tenor. Lt. Gen. Hill having arrived, the notes were placed in his hands: by his order the movement was delayed for the troops to get their rations, and on other accounts.

Dilworth, who had been relieved by a cavalry force late the preceding evening, and who had marched all night, now arrived and took his place in line. At 9½ A. M., by order of Lt. Gen. Hill, I moved my Division forward in search of the enemy. At a distance of 700 yards we came upon him in force, and the battle was opened by Helm's Brigade with great fury.

The 2nd and 9th Ky., with three companies of the 41st Ala. Regiment encountered the left of a line of breast-works before reaching the Chatanooga road, and though assailing them with great courage, were compelled to pause. From some cause the line of my left had not advanced simultaneously with my Division, and in consequence from the form of the enemy's works, these brave troops were at first, in addition to the fire in front, subjected to a severe enfilading fire from the left. The rest of Helm's Brigade, in whose front there were no works, after a short but sharp engagement routed a line of the enemy, pursued it across the Chattanooga road, and captured a section of artillery posted in the centre of the road.—This portion of the Brigade was now brought under a heavy front and enfilading fire, and being separated from its left and without support, I ordered Col. Jos. H. Lewis, of the 6th Ky., who succeeded to the command upon the fall of Gen. Helm, to withdraw the troops some 200 yards to the rear, re-unite the Brigade, and change his front slightly to meet the new order of things, by throwing forward his right and retiring his left. The movement was made without panic or confusion.

This was one of the bloodiest encounters of the day. Here Gen. Helm, ever ready for action, and endeared to his command by his many virtues, received a mortal wound while in the heroic discharge of his duty. Col. Hewit, of the 2nd Ky., was killed, acting gallantly at the head of his Regiment. Capts. Madered, Rogers and Dedman, of the 2nd, Capt. Daniel, of the 9th Ky., and many other officers and men met their deaths before the enemy's works, while Col. Nuckols, of the 4th Ky., Col. Caldwell, of the 9th, and many more officers and men were wounded.

In the mean time, Adams and Stovall advanced steadily, driving back two lines of skirmishers. Stovall halted at the Chattanooga road. Adams, after dispersing a regiment and capturing a battery, crossed at Glenn's farm and halted a short distance beyond in an open field.

When Helm's Brigade was checked, and I had given Col. Lewis orders in reference to his new position, I rode to the commands of Adams and Stovall on the right. It was now evident, from the comparatively slight resistance they had encountered, and the fact that they were not threatened in front, that our line extended beyond the enemy's left. I at once ordered these Brigades to change front perpendicularly to the original line of battle, and with the left of Adams and the right of Stovall resting on the Chattanooga road to advance upon the flank of the enemy. Slocomb's battery, which had previously done good service, was posted on favorable ground on the west of the road to support the movement.

The Brigades advanced in fine order over a field and entered the woods beyond. Stovall soon encountered the extreme left of the enemy's works, which, retiring from the general north and south direction of his entrenchments, extended westwardly nearly to the Chattanooga road. After a severe and well contested conflict, he was checked and forced to retire. Adams on the west of the road met two lines of the enemy, who had improved the short time to bring reinforcements and reform nearly at a right angle to the troops in his main line of works.

The first line was routed, but it was found impossible to break the second, aided as it was by artillery, and after a sanguinary contest, which reflected high honor on the Brigade, it was forced back in some confusion. Here General Adams, who is as remarkable for his judgment on the field as for

his courage, was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy.

Lt. Col. Turner, of the 19th La., was wounded, and the gallant Maj. Butler, of the same Regiment, was killed.

Stovall had gained a point beyond the angle of the enemy's main line of works: Adams had advanced still farther, being actually in rear of his entrenchments. A good supporting line of my Division at this moment would probably have produced decisive results. As it was, the engagement on our right had inflicted heavy losses and compelled him to weaken other parts of the line to hold his vital point. Adams' Brigade reformed behind Slocomb's battery, which repulsed the enemy by a rapid and well directed fire, rendering on this occasion important and distinguished service.

By order of Lt. Gen. Hill my Division was withdrawn a short distance to recruit, while the troops of Maj. Gen. Walker engaged the enemy. My new line was about six hundred yards in advance of the position on which I formed first in the morning, with a slight change of direction, which brought my right relatively nearer the Chattanooga road. Soon after taking this position an attack was reported on our right flank. It proved to be Granger's corps coming up from Rossville, and threatening our right with a part of his force.

At the request of Brig. General Forrest, I sent him a section of Cobb's battery under the command of Lt. Gracie, who assisted handsomely in repulsing the enemy.

At the request of the Brigade commanders, the Artillery of the Division had been ordered to report to the Brigades with which they were accustomed to serve.—Cobb's battery, from the nature of the ground, could not participate to its accustomed extent, yet, as opportunity offered, it displayed its accustomed gallantry. The excellent battery of Capt. Mebane, for the same reason, was able to take little part in the action.

The afternoon was waning and the enemy still obstinately confronted us in his entrenchments.

I received permission from Lt. Gen. Hill to make another charge. A line of troops on my right, and covering a part of my front, advanced at the same time. A portion of these troops obliqued to the right and my line passed through the rest, who seemed to be out of ammunition, so that after moving a few hundred yards the enemy alone was in my front. The Division advanced with intrepidity under a severe fire and dashed over the left of the entrenchments. In passing them I saw on my left the right of Maj. Gen. Cleburne, whose brave Division stormed the centre.

Several hundred of the enemy ran through our lines to the rear, the rest were pursued several hundred yards and beyond the Chattanooga road, of these some were killed, and a good many taken prisoners, but most of them escaped through the darkness. It was now night: pursuit was stopped by order of Lt. Gen. Hill, and throwing out pickets, I bivouacked in line near the road.

The prisoners taken by my command, of whom there was a considerable number, were allowed to go to the rear, since details could not be spared for them, and it was known they would be gathered up there.

The Division captured nine pieces of Artillery. I am aware that it is usually the whole army, not a part of it, that takes guns from the enemy, and that often the troops who obtain possession of them owe their good fortune quite as much to fire from the right and left as to their own efforts. Yet I think it due to my command that in regard to six at

least of these guns, such considerations do not apply, and that they were taken without assistance from any other troops.

My total casualties, as shown by official reports, twelve hundred and forty, of which number one hundred and sixty-six (166) were killed, nine hundred and nine (909) wounded, and one hundred and sixty-five (165) missing.

To Brig. Gen. Stovall, to Col. Lewis, who succeeded to the command of Helm's Brigade, and to Col. R. L. Gibson, who succeeded to the command of Adams' Brigade, the country is indebted for the courage and skill with which they discharged their arduous duties.

The officers and men of the Division, with exceptions so rare as to place in striking contrast to them the general good conduct, sustained their former reputation, and were alike worthy of each other.

To the gentlemen of my Staff I feel sincere gratitude for the prompt, fearless and cheerful manner in which they discharged their duties.

Major Wilson, Asst. Adjt. Gen., Col. Von Zinken, A. I. Gen., who had two horses shot under him, Capt. Mastin, A. I. Gen., who received a contusion from a grape shot, Lt. Breckenridge, Aide-de-Camp, whose horse was shot, Capt. Semple, ordnance officer, Lt. Berties (20th La.,) A. A. I. G., Dr. Heustis, Chief Surgeon, Dr. Kratz, on duty in the field, and Messrs McGehee, Coleman, Mitchell, and Clay, volunteers on my Staff, performed their duties in a manner to command my confidence and regard.

One member of my Staff I can not thank. Major R. E. Graves, Chief of Artillery, received a mortal wound in the action of Sunday, the 20th. Although a very young man, he had won eminence in arms, and gave promise of the highest distinction. A truer friend, a purer patriot, a better soldier never lived.

I am, Colonel,
very respectfully,
your ob't. serv't.

J. C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Maj. Gen. P. A. C. S.

LT. COL. ARCHER ANDERSON,
A. A. Gen., HILL'S Corps.

ENDORSEMENT OF REPORT.

In speaking of the final attack on the afternoon of the 20th, Gen. Breckenridge employs a phrase in a different sense from its ordinary meaning. He says: "I *received permission* from Lt. Gen. Hill to make another charge." The facts in the case are simply these: About 3½ P. M., or it may be a little later, I ordered another Maj. Gen., not of my Corps, but who had been sent to report to me, to make the attack, telling him that Breckenridge's men, after their repulse, were scarcely in a condition to make another charge. He replied, "my Division was sent by Gen. Polk as a support to Gen. Breckenridge, and under my orders, I can do nothing more than support him." I then returned to Gen. Breckenridge, told him of this conversation, and asked him if his troops were ready to renew the attack. He answered, "yes, I think they are." I then added, "Well, then, move promptly and strike hard." The Division responded to the order with a cheer, moved off in most beautiful style and made a most glorious charge.

D. H. HILL,
Lt. General.

SKETCHES OF GEN. JACKSON.

GEN. JACKSON'S mind was remarkable for its directness and originality. When it was necessary for him to participate in the discussion of a mooted question, he rarely took up the line of reasoning which had been pursued by any of the previous disputants: he paused neither to discuss nor refute them. His method was to recur to some premise which others had overlooked, and which led, by a short and convincing direction, to his own conclusion, thus making an end of controversy.—And it was very likely that his manner of stating this premise, and indicating his argument (for he rarely said more than was necessary to suggest it) was by jerking out a sharp question. When he drove Banks from Winchester in 1862, an instance occurred, which although trivial, illustrated this habit of mind. A multitude of sutlers had followed the Yankee army thither; and among these were two Marylanders.—Jackson's movements, as usual, were rather too prompt to give these trading gentry time to remove their wares; and the Marylanders adopted the expedient of secreting so much of their stock as they could by removing it to private houses before they decamped. After the Confederate Head-Quarters were quietly established in the town, a reputable widow lady, resident in the place, appeared before the Adjutant and stated that she was in trouble about two barrels of fine French Brandy, left in the cellar of her dwelling by the Marylanders, who had boarded with her. She said that she had always tried to do her duty, and that although she had reluctantly consented that her guests might deposite their brandy there for concealment, being misled by their specious reasoning, her conscience was now uncertain whether by keeping their secret she should not be defrauding the country by violating the sequestration law of the confederacy. She had therefore determined to make a clean breast, and state the whole case. The Marylanders had urged that they were not alien enemies, that they were citizens of a State known to be friendly to the Confederacy, that their own sympathies were with that cause, and above all, that the sequestration law expressly excepted debts and claims due to citizens of Maryland from seizure. This had seemed to her at first satisfactory; yet when she remembered that they came to Winchester with the Yankees, and fled thence with them, she had misgivings. Her case was stated to General Jackson, when he answered with great quickness, and seeming impatience. "Did those men *pay license tax* to the Virginia Commissioners of Revenue in Winchester, sir? Did they expose those goods to sale here in compliance with Virginia laws? No, sir. They came here under the protection of the public enemy: let them share his fate. Turn the brandy over to the Commissioners of sequestration, and tell Dr. McGuire (medical Director) to apply for it for the use of the sick." In the blockaded condition of the Confederacy, French brandy was at prices even more fabulous than the famed Johannisberg, the drink of Austrian Princes; and two barrels were no SMALL PRIZE for the scantily supplied hospitals.

Gen. Jackson's silence was attributed by some to his inability to express himself with ease and propriety. Some have been absurd enough to say that when subordinate officers ventured to argue in justification of their conduct, with a fluency which Jackson felt himself incapable of equal-

ing, he was accustomed to take refuge under the assumption that their language was insubordinate, and to save himself the difficult labor of reply, by the short decision: "Please to consider yourself as under arrest, sir." Certain it is, that many restive young officers, during their "breaking in" to his iron rule, found themselves "brought up all standing," by this sentence, very unexpectedly to themselves. But it was a great error to suppose that Jackson was deficient in the power of ready and appropriate expression. At least, when animated, he occasionally gave utterance to passages of almost inimitable beauty and power. If they were very short, as they almost always were, it was because his terse, direct style of thinking required but little time to eviscerate his subject. An instance of this true rhetorical power occurred during the quiet respite after the battle of Port Republic. A gentleman came to Head-Quarters, whose costume, courteous and stately address, and silvery locks, bespoke him at once as one of the class, now, we fear, destined to an early extinction, whose high honor, hospitality, breeding, and cultivation, once gave such just *eclat* to Virginian society. His only son, a gallant and staunch soldier, was Captain in one of the Virginia Regiments. He had come from his home, upon hearing of the victory, to see if his darling boy was alive, and to get for him a few days leave, that he might receive the embraces of his anxious mother. But on the question of furloughs, the Adjutant was politely inexorable. He said his orders were positive, to let no man leave the command, who was well enough for duty; and that it would be more than his (official) head was worth, to violate them. Mr. O. said that he *could not* carry back so cruel a disappointment to his wife, and asked leave to have the application referred to the General. "*I* cannot do it myself," said the Adjutant, "for it will only procure a stern reprimand for me, and no furlough for Capt. O. But if you choose to expose yourself to the certain rebuff, I will introduce you, provided you will wait until the General seems at leisure." Mr. O. accepted these terms. After a time the General was seen sauntering from his tent for a moment's relaxation, and the applicant was introduced. He began by gracefully congratulating Jackson, without fulsomeness, upon his successes; and the General was evidently very pleasantly impressed by the person and bearing of his visitor. Mr. O. then immediately improved his opportunity to push his request, in about these words: "General, my boy is captain in the —— Va., and I want to borrow him for his mother, just for three days, now while things are quiet. I am proud to hear that he has tried to do his duty like a man. He is the only son of his mother; and she has not seen him since the war began, for he has never had a day's leave. If you will lend him to her, that she may only see him, I promise faithfully that I will bring him to camp myself, at the end of the third day."

The Adjutant was inquisitive to see how the General would meet this petition. He began with a tone and manner of inimitable tenderness, to express his sincere sorrow at being unable to confer the happiness desired. "But," he said, "our armies are inadequate in numbers to their task; they are now suffering greatly from "absenteeism;" they have an arduous task before them. He could not but believe that such an officer as Capt O. (for he knew his gallant character,) would rather sacrifice present gratification, dear as it was to the heart of a son, than set an example injurious to the service, and thus undo what he has so nobly aided to accom-

plish by his toils and dangers.—If he might be pardoned for presuming to estimate the heart of Mrs. O. as a Virginian mother, he should judge of her by the chivalrous qualities of her noble boy, derived, as he believed, from her. And thus judging, he felt sure that her mother's heart would justify his refusal, and prefer not to see her son at the expense of duty, and to reserve the joy of embracing him until they could taste it unalloyed by that thought."

As he delivered these remarks his air of gentleness was gradually mingled with an increasing dash of martial fire. When he closed, the old gentleman seemed to have forgotten all about his son's furlough. At least he made no farther allusion to it; but with tears coursing down his cheeks, and his features working with emotions, seized the General's hand between both of his, and shaking it warmly, exclaimed: "May God bless you, Gen. Jackson! If it only pleased Him that the weight of fewer years were resting on these old shoulders, I should be with you myself, to aid in fighting this quarrel through, under your banner."

Gen. Jackson's favorite horse, Fancy, or as he was more familiarly called, Little Sorrel, and his groom, black Jim, were almost as familiar objects about the camp as the General himself. This horse was purchased in 1861, at Harper's Ferry, and was selected by him chiefly with reference to Mrs. Jackson's use. But he learned to stand fire so quickly, and proved to be a horse of such capital paces, courage and endurance, that he was appropriated to less gentle uses, and became the General's favorite charger. Rare must be the circumstances which would induce him to ride any other horse in action, if Little Sorrel were not positively *hors de combat*. His stud was recruited, by present or purchase, with many other, and more stately steeds; but to the end of the war, this horse held his place in his master's preference; and he was on his back, when, in the thickets at Chancellorsville, he received the fatal shots which cost his life. After the General was lifted, almost fainting, from his back, he stood quietly beside the group which surrounded him endeavoring to bind up his wound. When he was placed upon the litter to be borne from the field, Capt. Jas. Power Smith, the General's aid, having lifted one corner of the precious burden upon his shoulder, drew his other arm through the bridle, and led the horse behind him. But when those frightful volleys occurred, by which a part of the litter-bearers themselves were struck down, the animal seemed to be seized with uncontrollable terror, broke away, and rushed through the woods, no one knew whither. Some days after, he came into the encampment of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, *minus* his saddle and bridle, and gaunt with famine. There he was at once recognized, cared for, and sent to Gov. Letcher, by whom he was forwarded to the home of Mrs. J. in North Carolina. In this quiet retreat he still lives, cherished for the memory of the immortal deeds in which he bore his humble, but faithful part, pampered with the greenest pastures, and the biggest ears of Indian corn. May Little Sorrel live to a green old age! May it be his to face no more hurtling shells, and to feel no more the armed heel, urging him with quivering ears and fiery, dilated nostril into the sulphureous war cloud. But may his task be to bear, with patriarchal pride and heed, the lithe form of the heiress of his glorified master, along the shaded green lanes which the Southern girl is wont to thread, on her way to the country school, or the cot of the suffering poor, or the rustic sanctuary.

On the night which succeeded

the battle of Fredericksburg, a little incident occurred which confirms at once the statements made above, and illustrates the kindly relations existing between Southern master and servants, and the way in which the latter often govern the former. Long before daylight the friend with whom Jackson was sharing his cot was aroused by his arising from his short slumber and returning to the writing of despatches. After a little he called: "Jim!" (Sir.) "Saddle Little sorrel for me, I must ride." (Yes, sir.) Very soon he donned his overcoat and left the tent, when the following colloquy was overheard from without: "Why, Jim, this isn't Little Sorrel; I told you to saddle him." "Yes, sir," said Jim, "but I thought you rode him so hard yesterday it was out of the question for you to ride him again to-day." "No," said the General, I must have Little Sorrel; you know I *never ride any other in action.*"—[Hereupon the friend within the tent exclaimed to himself: "Aha! So there is going to be another battle! There is secrecy off its guard, for once, at least."] But Jim replied, "I declare, General, Little Sorrel ain't fitten for you to ride to-day. He is done knocked up, sir, completely, this time, certain. You 'bleeged to ride some other horse to-day, anyhow, until I rub him, and get him straightened up again." Upon this the General said, in a deprecatory tone, "Well, well; you must have your way about it," and mounting, road away.

General Jackson was exceedingly unobtrusive in his manners, and unwilling to give trouble.—He shrunk from receiving attentions which were paid to his rank, and especially when he supposed that they were paid at the cost of inconvenience to others. An instance of this feeling was related, while his *corps* was upon its march wards Port Royal, after the battle of Fredericksburg. Winter had now set in, and the weather was inclement. Night overtook him and his Staff, upon a by-road which they were pursuing, far from their baggage; and some of the younger members, who had enjoyed the hospitalities of Hayfields, the seat of Mr. Taylor, and Moss Neck, the residence of Mr. Corbin, during their frequent errands on army business, suggested to the General that he was not far from these houses, and would be received with honor at either of them. But he demurred at imposing himself, with so large a suite, on strangers, and insisted on *bivouacking* for the night. "Why," he asked, "should they think it a hardship to do so, when so many thousands of brave comrades were doing it nightly? Besides it was a soldierly and picturesque way of resting; and no sleep was more healthy or refreshing than that *subDio*, beside a glowing camp fire." The staff acquiesced, and in a manner savouring very little of enthusiasm, selected a place in the forest, where they tethered their horses, and kindled a fire.—They then prepared such accommodations for sleeping as their saddles furnished, and went supperless to bed—but not to sleep.—The night became increasingly stormy, and a chilling nor-wester rose to a perfect gale. If they ventured near the fire the smoke, ashes and embers were blown into their eyes; if they kept at a distance they were nearly frozen. At length, between eleven and twelve o'clock, at a blast of unusual severity, an enormous dead pine came thundering down across the fire, scattering the brands afar, and falling very near where the General was lying in uneasy slumber. The advent of this new enemy seemed to revolutionize at once his admiration for the *bivouack*, and when a new suggestion was made to adjourn, at that unseasonable hour, to Moss Neck, and ask shelter, he

received it most approvingly.—About midnight, the party arrived there, thoroughly chilled and dispirited. The house was occupied then only by its mistress, and some female friends, refugees from Fredericksburg; and a summons at such an hour, from a group of armed men, was received, as may be supposed, with no little trepidation. But when they learned who their visitor was, their alarm was changed into delight. This visit resulted in the selection of Moss Neck as Head-Quarters for the remainder of the winter. But General Jackson, when he removed thither, was too considerate to accept of quarters in the noble mansion, and insisted on confining himself to a hunting lodge at the edge of the lawn.

NUTRITION OF ANIMALS.

EVERYTHING that relates to the functions of life, whether animal or vegatable, is interesting. The mind is so constituted that just in proportion as mystery invests any subject, its faculties and energies are aroused to penetrate that mystery and contemplate what lies beyond the veil. While in spiritual matters a prurient desire to pry into "secret things" may not be desirable, in things temporal, and especially physical, this persistent curiosity which brooks no denial, is a valuable quality, and has led the mind to noble conquests over the realms of darkness and ignorance.

This is true of the economy of life: many of its laws have already yielded to the earnest scrutiny of scientific research and practical experiment, so that where midnight darkness till comparatively recently reigned over everything, the torch of science has been kindled and many rays of light have penetrated the gloom to cheer and animate the enquirer. We propose to gather up some of these scattered rays and concentrate them for the use of our readers upon points of practical interest.

The discussion of the nutrition of animals including a consideration of the best kinds of food, the best modes of preparing it, and its proper administration to promote the best interests of the farmer, requires, for greater clearness and simplicity, some elementary statements as to the composition of food and the functions of the animal. In the first place, a proximate analysis shows several classes of compounds in all plants used for food, each of which has its own separate and appropriate office—work in the perpetuation of animal life. One class of these compounds, and by far the largest, and of which starch may be considered the type, is composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen only and the two latter in the precise proportions in which they are found united to make common water: to this group belongs starch, woody fiber, gum, sugar, &c., and each of these therefore contains exactly the same elements as would be found in a glass of charcoal and water. A second class of which the adhesive substance in wheaten flour called gluten, may be taken as the type, is composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen—the same elements as those of the last class with the addition of nitrogen: to this division belong gluten, albumen, casein, &c. A third class consists of soluble and insoluble salts—substances derived from the earth, and which are found in the ashes of plants when they have been consumed, such as phosphates of lime and magnesia and common salt.

These several classes we have said have each separate and appropriate functions to perform in the animal system when taken up in the food. The soluble and insoluble salts are the materials out of which are elaborated the bones of the animal—its solid frame work. The gluten, albumen, &c., are formed into muscles, sinews, and tendons—the cords and pullies, as it were, by which the frame-work is united, and its joints and levers put into motion. The oils of the starch group are appropriate to lubricate the machinery and give supleness, fullness and symmetry to all the parts. The other elements of the starch group serve the important purpose of furnishing the requisite vital heat to the whole system—thus keeping up the steam by which the engine is kept in working order. To know the uses which these various substances in food subserve in the animal economy is evidently quite as important as to know what the substances themselves are:—the value depends upon the use.

Now that the salts found in the ashes of plants consisting mainly of phosphates and alkalies do serve the special purpose, when taken into the system, of forming the bones of animals is evident, from analysis, which shows that these bones actually contain these salts. More than fifty per cent. of the bones of ordinary animals is phosphate of lime. This fact, it will be perceived, is an important guide to the selection of proper food for young animals or such as require much bone—forming material to supply their increasing skeleton: the best food for such purposes would evidently be that which abounds in the earthy phosphates, such as the cereals generally, and especially the bran from these substances; and also red clover among the grasses.

The same sort of evidence from analysis equally demonstrates the fact that the muscles, sinews and tendons of the system are formed from the class of glutenous compounds which we have seen contain nitrogen, because these, as found in the plant, are, in composition, identical with, or strictly analogous to the muscular parts of the animal. Here again the light of science guides us in the selection of suitable food: such animals as require a rapid and full development of muscles and sinews must be fed upon those substances which are rich in nitrogenous matter as, corn and oats and especially peas and beans among the seeds; and the leguminous plants when hay is used.

The oils of the plant in like manner are often found, with little or no change, appropriated by the animal economy, and treasured up in the system where it serves all the purposes of the fats and oils which are needful for the perfect development of man or beast. The fact that the oils of plants are thus transferred to the animal system from the food he eats gives us an easy solution of the difference in the fattening qualities of different substances.—Indian corn is the richest of our common grains in oil, and is therefore the best for fattening animals; for the same reason, in all the cereals, the bran and coarser parts are better than the flour.

It is also true that the non-nitrogenous substances, including the oils with starch, gum and sugar, which, in the aggregate, constitute far the greatest part of vegetables used as food, do not, as we have already hinted, permanently enter into the animal system—are not in the fullest sense nutricious. They only serve like the fuel of a furnace to keep up the requisite heat, except so far as the oils may be necessary in addition to grease and lubricate the machinery: but this important fact not depending like the others already stated upon a direct analy-

sis of corresponding parts of the plant and animal may need some further illustration to enforce its truth.

The proposition then is that the whole non-nitrogenous group of substances found in our food, so far as they are digested at all, are not appropriated as nutriment by the animal system, but are consumed in the lungs and blood to supply the necessary animal heat: in other words, the living animal is a consuming fire, the starch, &c., of his food is the daily fuel, his lungs supply the necessary air, and the glow of his animal heat is the result of a spontaneous combustion. To make out this proposition clearly it will be necessary to go somewhat into details.—Starch and the associated substances already specified contain as we have said only carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Now the fact that no part of the animal, except the fats, corresponds to this composition, should of itself suggest the probability that these substances do not become incorporated with the system like the albuminous matters which have their corresponding parts in the muscles and sinews, or like the earthy phosphates which are represented in the bones. Vegetable albumen is identical with animal albumen, vegetable fibrin has the same composition as animal fibrin, vegetable casein is similar, both in composition and chemical qualities to animal casien—but we have no animal starch, no animal sugar. What then becomes of these non-nitrogenous compounds? We will see. Take a small quantity of either of these substances, starch, for instance, and burn it in the fire: the compound is broken up into its elements, its hydrogen and oxygen recombine to form water and pass up the chimney as steam or invisible vapor; its carbon also unites with the oxygen of the air forming carbonic acid gas which in like manner passes off with the vapor so that nothing is left behind. Now is there anything corresponding to this in the animal system?

Breathe gently upon a cold pane of glass or other similar substance, and you will find from the heavy deposition of moisture upon its surface that your breath is full of aqueous vapor which was invisible till thus condensed by the cold surface: take also a little lime-water in a tumbler and, by the aid of a small tube, blow your breath into it so that it shall bubble up through the water, and immediately a turbid milky appearance is produced in the liquid; this milky appearance is common chalk formed by the union of the carbonic acid in your breath with the lime in the water.

Here then are both the products of the former combustion made visible—the vapor condensed upon the glass and the carbonic acid condensed in the tumbler, while there is nothing left to represent the starch exactly as in the case of combustion in the fire.

What then is the conclusion?—Man is a blast-furnace; his lungs is the bellows to supply air, his nostrils the chimney to convey off the smoke, his food the fuel which keeps up the combustion, while his bowels receive the ashes. This position may be fortified by many illustrations which, while they throw an increased light upon the philosophy of digestion and nutrition, exhibit in a striking manner the wisdom and goodness of God displayed in the wonderful mechanism of this furnace. That the animal system derives its heat in part from a true combustion is clearly seen by the minute analogy which obtains between the process of respiration and an ordinary fire. If the supply of air to a furnace is cut off the fire dies out, in like manner if breathing stops the "lamp of life" is extinguished.—Again, air that has once passed through a fire will not afterwards

support a vigorous combustion, so in crowded rooms where we breathe the breaths of other men, headaches and other evidences of a disordered system are produced. Singing, working, running, &c., increases the appetite, because they increase the rapidity of breathing—the faster the bellows blows the brisker the fire burns and the more fuel should be added to support the combustion. On this account children must eat more frequently than full grown persons; they breathe faster, their animal heat is greater, and they would starve sooner: it is said that a child would starve in three days, a full grown man in twenty, while some reptiles live for many months without food, the fire burns so slowly. On this principle also we can abstain longer from food if asleep, and some animals becoming torpid eat nothing during the longest winters; they scarcely breathe, but the fire smoulders on, and they become poor and lean; the furnace from lack of fuel consumes itself. This is the case with all animals when either food is withheld or the lungs unduly stimulated.

Everything that renders the body restive and impatient excites the lungs to increased action, and if food is not correspondingly augmented a thin and emaciated condition soon follows: this explains, in part, the plump, rotund, aldermanic figure of some of our good natured, easy citizens, who take everything in life so quietly. Shakspeare was a judge of nature, and one of his touches is given in the following interview:

CÆSAR—"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a *lean and hungry* look;
He thinks too much: Such men are dangerous."
ANTONY—"Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given."
CÆSAR—"Would he were *fatter*."

But the oils of vegetables used as food, and which equally belong to the non-nitrogenous bodies, seem to form an exception to the proposition that the whole class is consumed by the respiration of the animal. These oils are appropriated, it is true, by the digestive functions, and being modified to suit the necessities of the animal, are stored away in the system where they serve many useful purposes, such as softening the tissues, protecting the bones, muscles and sinews, and giving completeness to form and motion.—Yet while these incidental offices are fulfilled in the animal economy by the various kinds of fat, it seems not improbable that the chief and ultimate end of all oils is to supply the fuel for respiration. The fat of the animal system is only a sort of storehorse in which a wise Providence has laid up supplies for a day of need and this supply may be evidently greatly increased or diminished without detriment to health. When other sources of fuel fail this depository is promptly drawn upon to meet the demand; and when there is a surplus the excess is carefully husbanded and laid away in this treasury for future use. To see how fully the oily matters conform ultimately to the peculiarities of all the other non-nitrogenous compounds, and how truly we are indeed a consuming furnace, mark the progress of disease when nutrition fails or when food is cut off by famine; first, the fatty parts of the system, because most combustible, like a burning candle wastes away, till little more than a living skeleton of bones and sinews thinly clad with skin, remains. The devouring fire then seeking such other portions as are most combustible next feeds upon the brain and nervous matter till delirum ensues and "life's brief candle" soon goes out. Thus precisely those substances disappear in order which are known to be most

easily consumed and which would burn most rapidly if thrown into a common furnace.

Thus the case is fairly made out that a slow and continued combustion is ever progressing in the bodies of animals, and that the appropriate fuel for this process is found in the non-nitrogenous constituents of the food. This conclusion is not more interesting to the scientific student than it is important to the practical stock raiser. From this stand-point he can clearly see why his potatoes and turnips, more than nine-tenths of which is starch and water, will not give vigor and strength to his working animals, nor muscle, bone and fat to his stock cattle: by it he is taught the necessity of increased supplies of food for his animals during winter, because of increased combustion in the animal system which takes place to counteract the increased cold of the season; by it he learns the importance of warm and comfortable shelter to protect his stock from severe weather as the best means of retarding combustion and thus economising the consumption of his provender; by it he sees the advantage of perfect quiet and undisturbed repose for his fattening animals, that the oils of their food may be laid up in their system instead of being consumed by the increased combustion that activity would engender.

These dietetic principles are as applicable to man as to the brute. The Esquimaux Indian during his severe arctic winters would feel that he had dined but lightly if he had only eaten several pounds of whale blubber or a dozen or two of tallow candles; this would be hardly enough to supply a combustion adequate to the demands of his situation. But think not that we would degrade man, God's last and noblest work of creation, by our figures and comparisons: If man be a furnace, it is a furnace "fearfully and wonderfully made," marvelous in all its appointments, and worthy of the immortal spirit that basks in the glow of its genial heat. Man a furnace! Oh that he were, not only materially but spiritually, and all aglow with love and adoring gratitude for the goodness and mercy that keeps such complicated machinery so perfectly adjusted. Poor man! if a single band be loosened, of the thousands upon which his hopes depend, the feeble spark just smouldering within becomes extinct, and his shivering spirit, like some snow-bound arctic dweller, leaves its icy house all cold and tenantless. None but the infinite Wisdom that created, can preserve this wonderful furnace for a single moment.

But, to return, let us briefly point out the general bearing of views thus far considered.

We have seen that the various compounds which constitute vegetable food may be divided into three classes, each of which has its appropriate office in the economy of life: the albuminous substances containing nitrogen, are chiefly muscle or flesh-forming compounds; the phosphates and other earthy salts are mainly bone-forming elements; the non-nitrogenous bodies are mostly employed in the production of heat for the animal system, while the oils of this group specially serve for laying up stores of fat for future uses. These facts clearly indicate the significance of these substances in the food of animals and show the importance of an accurate knowledge to all who would deal with the subject of animal nutrition either judiciously or intelligently. And we may add in passing that the same conclusions which we have drawn in regard to vegetable diet may be extended to the food of carnivorous animals also; the *flesh* they eat has the same phosphates to make bones, the same albuminous compounds to create new flesh, the same oily

substances for combustion which it at first obtained from the plant, and which is now destined to be transferred to a second animal.—All the elements of flesh are first elaborated in the plant so that whether we draw our subsistance from the vegetable or animal kingdom the elements of our food are substantially the same, and to the view of the philosopher it ceases to be regarded as only a figure of speech when we say "all flesh is grass." Animal diet is indeed more concentrated than vegetable food, because far the greater part of the combustible matter, such as the starch and sugar that was in the vegetable, has been consumed while being converted into flesh, but still in this more concentrated form we have only what was formerly derived from the vegetable.—Now, if the substances which are needed to build up the animal system be thus mainly furnished to hand, ready made and fashioned from the raw material by the living forces of the vegetable kingdom, and thus stored away as food, it is plain that a knowledge of the constituents of that food must settle many of the gravest practical questions in animal husbandry.—Indeed such knowledge lies at the foundation of all successful practice. With each change in the animal's condition, whether from young to old, from fat to poor, or from hot to cold on the one hand, and with every change in the object contemplated by the stock grower on the other, whether it be to make beef or butter, to secure labor or manure, there should be a corresponding change in the food administered and the management of the animal under treatment. This could not be done without a competent knowledge of the various kinds of food, and their various offices in the animal economy. How would a mechanic succeed with a Gothic structure if furnished only with Doric and Corinthian columns? Quite as well as the vital principle would succeed in building up a solid frame work of bones and muscles out of starch and sugar. We must understand the materials we employ if we would appropriate them to right ends. The fact is that the animal system is essentially of the Composite Order and requires some of all the different materials for its construction, and a corresponding knowledge of all is essential to a proper management.—What we most need is a familiar practical acquaintance with the composition and especially the nutritive qualities of each of the substances must commonly employed as food in this country. To furnish this information to some extent we have compiled the accompanying table from analyses found chiefly in the works of Prof. Johnston and Norton:

	1 Water.	2 Husk or Fiber.	3 Starch, Gum, Sugar, &c.	4 Gluten, Albumen, Caseïn &c	5 Oily matter.	6 Inorganic matter.
Indian Corn	12	14	46	17	9	2
Wheat,	15	15	51	15	2	2
Oats,	15	15	45	16	6	2
Rye,	12	16	54	13	3	2
Barley,	15	15	60	12	2	2
Rice,	13	4	74	7	1	1
Peas,	14	9	48	24	2	3
Beans,	16	10	40	28	2	3
Potatoes,	75	4	17	2	½	1
Turnips,	87	2	9	1½	½	1
Carrots,	85	3	10	2	½	1
Meadow Hay	14	30	40	7 1-10	2½	7½
Clover, "	14	25	40	9 3-10	3	9
Pea "	12	25	45	12 3-10	1½	5
Wheat Straw	12	50	30	1 3-10	½	5
Oat "	12	45	35	1 3-10	1-3	6
Cow's Milk,	87	00	4 4-5	4½	3	3-5

The first two columns gives the proportions of water and woody fiber contained in equal quantities of our common foods, and can only be regarded as diluted elements, contributing nothing to the nutrition of the animal: the water, of course, has its uses in the animal economy, but is supplied abundantly from other sources, while the fiber, being of difficult digestion, passes through the system mainly unaltered. The third col-

umn gives the relative amount of starch, gum and sugar, and thus shows the quantity of our food which is expended to keep up the animal heat. From an examination of this column it will be seen that the relatively large amount of these elements of combustion in *all* of our articles of diet renders it of comparatively little importance that we should make any special provisions to supply them; nature has sufficiently guarded that point against ordinary contingencies, a fact that sufficiently indicates the intrinsic importance of the office of these compounds to the healthful discharge of the animal functions: the fact that they are the same general composition with the oils, and may be converted into fatty matters when these are deficient in the animal system, increases this intrinsic importance.

The fourth column contains the proportions of the true nutritive elements of animal diet—the flesh-forming compounds of our food; and it is to the proper supply of these substances that both science and experience direct the attention of the practical stock-feeder: a simple glance down the fourth column will show how varied are the proportions in which these substances exist in the different articles of food. The fifth column gives us the relative amount of oily matters. Upon the quantity of these substances depends mainly the fattening properties of food: this column really belongs to the same category with the third or starch group of substances, both being properly elements of combustion, and both being capable also of conversion into animal fats; but as the oils of the vegetable need little or no transformation to suit them to the wants of the animal, nature like a good economist appropriates those which are already made to hand rather than waste her strength in fashioning out of starch or sugar new materials; because therefore these oils are chiefly selected to be stored up in the animal system we have given them a separate column that the fattening qualities of each kind of food might be more clearly indicated. The inorganic substances which are the bone-forming elements, are contained in the sixth or last column; though this table does not indicate the different kinds of minerals found in each plant, such a specification would be essential to a full understanding of the significance of the inorganic parts of food; but as this would require an additional table it will be sufficient for our present purposes to state in a general way that the *valuable* mineral constituents of food will be found mainly associated with, and in proportion to, the albuminous and other elements of the fourth column. Far the greater portion of the inorganic matter indicated in the analysis of hay, straw, &c., is of no use to animals, being silicious matter which never enters into the composition of the animal system.

We may remark upon the entire table that it can only be regarded as an approximation, a sort of average value of the various substances contained in the food of which it treats, for it is well known that these different substances indicated in the several columns, differ somewhat in quantity, not only with the different varieties of the same plant, but also in the same variety, with difference of quantity resulting from soil, climate or manure used in cultivation: but the various kinds of food notwithstanding retain always their distinctive characters, only varying within narrow limits, so that the general inferences from the table may be considered reliable, while individual substances may differ with the quality of the specimen examined; for instance it must have been an unusually good specimen of Indian corn that yielded the analysis given in our list, and the same might be said of the oats and

meadow hay, while perhaps the specimen of wheat could not be considered relatively so good.—Contemplating then the table as a whole, it will be seen that the common grain crops yield us the most nutritive articles of food, and that of these, corn and oats, having the most albuminous matter, are the most nourishing, while rice is the least so. This statement does not include peas and beans which it is seen far exceed in nutritive qualities all other articles contained in the table; they are not, however, so suitable, in consequence of a deficiency in oily matter, for fattening purposes as corn, oats or rye. Corn is indeed the richest of all our cereal crops in oily matter, while peas or beans are best furnished with flesh-forming compounds: if, then, corn and peas be mixed in proper proportions they will mutually improve each other for the general purposes of stock feeding.

The root crops have relatively but little either of the flesh-forming or fattening elements of food, but still, the practical farmer will find them valuable adjuncts to his stores of forage on account of the immense products per acre, which they will yield when the soil and climate are suited to their growth. Indeed the turnip, which is the least nutritive of the root crops given in the table, is said to yield more nutritive matter, per acre, than any other plant that is cultivated except the cabbage.

Among the grasses pea-hay, as is shown by the analysis, holds the same rank as the pea itself does among the seed crops: it surpasses both clover and meadow hay in nutritive elements, but is surpassed by them both in oily matter.

This suggests again the advantages that would accrue from a combination of these different kinds of forage whenever they are to be fed to working animals. Nature too seems to indicate the advantage of having all the elements of food pretty equally distributed in the rations allowed to animals if we would secure the best general results. The analysis of cow's milk, where the elements of respiration, nutrition, and fattening all exist in not very different proportions, points to this conclusion; then, as mixing the different kinds of food would tend to promote this equalization of qualities, it would be an advantage, as a general rule, thus to mix or vary them from time to time as the wants of the animal seem to require; by this arrangement the deficiencies of the one are supplemented by the qualities of the other.

(To be continued.)

A SAD STORY.

JONATHAN PURE was one of the very best of American farmers. He had the strongest horses, the sleekest cattle, the fattest hogs, and the wooliest sheep in his country. His ploughs made the deepest furrows and cast the widest mould, his axes, his hoes, his scythe-blades were the sharpest and brightest. Fences straight as meridian lines and tall like maypoles enclosed the richest fields of corn and grain and the greenest pastures of the choicest grasses. His daughters were just twice the number of the graces, and all the young men for miles around thought them to be twice as charming. His hale, hearty sons were in number just seven—the symbol of perfection. The world pronounced Jonathan Pure a very happy man, with his family of thirteen dutiful children, with his thrifty

farm and his well-filled purse.—But alas! "there is a skeleton in every closet," as says the Italian proverb, and Jonathan, the envy of all his neighbors, began to wear a sour and discontented look. His two sons, George and Carolus were universally popular, but thriftless to a degree intolerable to their shrewd, managing father. They were following foxes and hounds when they ought to have been following the plough. In the very press of harvest they would go off to hear a political speech.—In wet weather, when no farm work could be done, they had been caught with books of oratory and the last novels from the circulating library instead of the works on agriculture and the mechanic arts to be found on the shelves at home. In short, they were, as Jonathan expressed it, "a ne'er do weel set, and not like Jaco and Ben," his favorite sons. And so George and Carolus got sharp blows or still sharper speeches from the old man, while his favors were showered upon Jaco and Ben. "Father," said George and Carolus one day, "you gave all the boys some of the proceeds of the last sale of cattle except us." "You deserve nothing, you are lazy, you are proud," replied their father. So matters grew worse, and the feeling between the sire and sons became more and more bitter, until the boys said plainly that they would leave home, and begin a farm of their own. "We can't kick you out of the old house," said Jaco and Ben. "You will starve to death if you leave," said Mick and Swineton. "We will whip you back," said Thad. But spite of jeers and threats, George and Carolus went off one raw, winter morning, with no worldly gear except a few old clothes tied up in their handkerchiefs. Upon a promise to pay, they bought a little farm and knocked up a log-cabin after the model of the substantial old homestead, which they still remembered with fondness. They had to work hard, but there was no one to scold them, and no one to fret them, and they were very happy. "Father," said Jaco and Ben, "your rebellious *sons* must be punished for their insolence."—"They must be whipped back," said Thad. "I thought," replied the old man, "that you wanted your *brothers* away, and that you often said that you too were involved in the disgrace of their evil doings." "Oh but," said Jaco and Ben, "Mick and Swineton will go away too if these renegades be not chastised." "And that severely," added Thad.—"Very well," answered the old gentleman, "but it is a good joke that when you tried so hard to make them run off, you are now resolved to whip them for doing as you wished them to do. It reminds me of a little story. There once lived in my town a—" "Father, we have not got time to hear the story," said Thad, "we must arrange this flogging matter first." "The boys don't lack pluck, and some of you may get flogged instead," replied the old man.—"Mick and Swineton are brave and strong, they will take hold first," said Thad. "And we will call in our neighbors and have them well thrashed," eagerly cried out Jaco and Ben. "Well, my sons, I don:t half like it. The boys were of age, and if they had a mind to set up for themselves, why not let them alone. When I was on a flat-boat going down"—"We are in a hurry just now, dear father," and off ran the three brothers, Thad. to stir up Mick and Swineton, who were too kindly inclined to the runaways; Jaco and Ben to hire their neighbors, some by the day and some by the job. The hiring was a very successful affair. Patrick and Poniatowski, Monsieur and Mynher, Bull and Buffalo, &c. &c., all were employed. "Father," said Jaco,

"I forced Sambo to take my place. He is stronger and braver than we are, and I will stay at home to take care of things." "And I," said Ben. "got Buffalo to go for me, he knows the country well around the house of your unnatural sons, and will suit better than I." "Ha, ha," laughed the old gentleman. "You are smart boys, Jaco and Ben—I'll be bound you keep out of a scrape yourselves, whoever else you may get into one. It is like the little story"—"Father, the hired men have come," interrupted Jaco and Ben.

Buffalo went as guide, and Sambo followed close behind. George and Carolus, careless fellows as they were, were caught napping, but they struggled manfully against the crowd. At last overcome, they were tied together by the hands and dragged along by Mick and Swineton, while Thad. amused himself with kicking them from behind. The road back was long and tiresome.

After many a weary day, the brothers reached the old homestead faint, wet and cold, on a dark, stormy night. The fire burned cheerily within, familiar objects were around them, the associations of childhood were there, loving memories came crowding back, bitterness was giving away to a tide of sweet recollections.

The door was opened, the old father had died suddenly, but uncle Andy stood on the threshold with open arms and a smiling welcome in his face. The old family table, covered with steaming viands, was in the centre of the room, the old coffee-pot stood simmering by the fire, and the grateful odors reached the nostrils of the famishing lads. "It is not so bad a home after all," shouted they joyfully, bursting from their guards and springing into the door with the ropes still around their arms. Uncle Andy approached with the old family carver to cut the gordian knots. Just then, Jaco and Ben, who had been scowling unseen and unnoticed in a corner, jumped up, thrust uncle and returning prodigals out into the darkness and the storm, slammed the door violently, locked it wrathfully and flung away the key.

"We've had all dis drubble fur nuddins," growled Mynher. "The boys have been afther coming *home* to the house of a *stranger*," said Patrick. "And that's no Irish Bull," replied the veritable Bull himself, "but these family rows pay well," jingling a heavy purse as he spoke.

"This Jaco-Ben conduct has ruined us," shouted Mick and Swineton.

"I did not know that Messieurs were punsters," said polite Monsieur.

"It is the truth and no pun," replied they.

THE FIGHT IN THE NAMELESS ISLE.*

At once a herald leaps before the knight
And snatching up the gauntlet speeds away
To challenge Moraunt to the deadly fight;
And, while he runs, the anxious people pray,
That He, who has the nation in his sight,
Will be on gentle Tristrem's side to-day,
And bless and prosper him who has the right,
That this sad day may end in blissful night.

Not long their throbbing hearts and aching eyes
Must wait for this supreme suspense to close;
For Moraunt lingers not when man defies,
His savage soul presaging greater woes
On which to feast once more his cruel eyes,
Restless until they rest on slaughtered foes.
He leaves his ship, and with his sword thrust through
Brave Tristrem's glove, he soon appears in view.

At sight of that grim form with mighty strides
Advancing to the castle Tintagel,
A fearful shudder through the people glides,
And banished dread resumes its former spell:
Despair, with sunny hope each heart divides,
And none their inmost, secret thought dare tell;
Such is the terror Moraunt's presence brings,
As when remorse some evil conscience stings.

But Tristrem, when he saw him come, was glad,
And in his eye there burned the battle-fire,
While with the red of wrath his cheeks were clad.
His lips fixed rigid with unwonted ire,
He cried to Moraunt: We are not so mad,
Neither I, nor this brother of my sire,
As to yield to thy pillage of the best
This kingdom holds—at thy proud king's behest.

See! I am here with this good sword to make
A fit response to such unjust demand:
Prepare for fight, and, what thou winnest, take;
If I am slain, then master all the land,
Thy thirst for plunder unrelenting slake
And load with riches all thy robber band:
But God, I trust, will nerve my knightly arm
To save these innocents from touch of harm.

With a fierce laugh of hate the grim knight said:
Tristrem, thou art not much beyond a lad,
And darest thou put thy dainty curl'd head
Before my blade? Thy friends will soon be sad,
For blood of greater knights hath oft been shed,
As oft as cause for battle I have had.
My quarrel, too, is just, for Mark well knows,
What tribute he to great King Anguish owes.

To this great boast no answer Tristrem made,
But, turning to the silent king, whose knees
Were trembling still, while on stern Moraunt's blade
His eyes were fixed, with heart but ill at ease,
One hand the young knight on his shoulder laid,
And thus asked, ere his sword-hilt he would seize:
What truth, my kinsman, in the words we hear,
Is tribute due, or dost thou yield from fear?

Tristrem, the craven king, replied, I swear
That tribute never has been justly due,
Though at the cost of many a bitter tear,
Because of valiant knights I had so few,
Unwilling, I have paid it many a year,
Compelled by Moraunt and his hated crew:
If of this burden thou canst ease the land,
No man shall question, prince, thy least command.

* *Continued from July number.*

Then, well-assured of right upon his side,
  Sir Tristrem on his drawn sword made a vow
To wage this cause, whatever might betide,
  'Till these degraded necks should cease to bow;
Then with generous soul to Morauntcried:
  Though I am ready for the combat now,
I will not fight thee here, where Cornishmen
Thy band will number with as one to ten.

Go, get thee to thy ship, and westward row:
  At three leagues distance from this coast there lies
A nameless isle upon the sea, where go
  To gather oysters of rare taste and size
They of this land who best such dainties know
  And in the test of quality are wise.
The isle is tenantless of men, and there
Meet we, unwitnessed save by empty air.

My ship and thine shall keep us both in sight,
  'Till death makes one the victor of the field,
Then, as token of the ending of the fight,
  Let the living hang up the dead man's shield
Upon some tree that crowns a rocky height,
  That lookers-on may know whose fate is sealed.
The vanquished then may bear away their dead
And dig the grave that is to be his bed.

To Tristrem's words the Irish chief replied:
  The battle-plan is good, and I am proud
To meet a foe so prompt and full of pride.
  Thy kinsman dares not fight, though sullen-browed
But thou, though prone my onset to abide
  In his stead mayest soon receive the shroud.
I hasten to the nameless isle. Be thou
As speedy to perform thy daring vow.

He turned and strode away in eager haste
  To guide his ship toward the nameless isle,
The sweets of vengeance greedy now to taste,
  While Tristrem's name awakes a savage smile,
Such smile as might Morgante's lips have graced
  Ere Christian faith had changed his pagan guile:
So feels the tiger, if the lion dare
Assume his prey within his very lair.

A trading ship of Mark's was then in port,
  In which the king, his harper and a few
Fair maidens most in favor of the court,
  Ten old counsellors and the ship's own crew
With Tristrem sailed to see the deadly sport,
  Or else, perchance, for Heaven's help to sue.
Not long the rowers plied their oars before
The galley touched the island's eastern shore.

Here, all that at that season could be fair
  Was fair and fresh and green, for winter's tread
Was only on the chill and cutting air
  And from the evergreens had harmless fled.
Thus Fate had answered Tristrem's earnest prayer
  And with this omen all his hopes now fed.
His landing on the island's sunny side
Successful issue surely must betide.

Morauntmeanwhile, had passed around the isle
  And landed at a rough and rocky place,
Where angry nature had disdained to smile
  And of her beauty had not left a trace.
Here all seemed barren, bare, bereft and vile,
  For nature's gloom had banished nature's grace.
But dismal as the spot might be, no chill
Could Morauntfeel that might unnerve his will.

On he strode, with his huge blade in his grasp,
  Eager to meet the bold, intruding knight,

And in his hairy arms his form to clasp
  And smite him deeply in the press of fight,
Loosing no hold, until his dying grasp
  Gave token that the soul had taken flight,
And brought the time when he might feast his eyes
Upon a foe who never more would rise.

Sir Tristrem, too, walked on alone toward
  The foe, whose haste was such, to meet midway
The unsheathed blade, with which no man had warr'd
  And looked again upon the morning gray.
He hurried o'er the dry and sun-burned sward,
  As eager to begin the fearful fray
As was the Irish chief, whose rapid tramp
Revealed a foeman of the fiercest stamp.

Midway the isle—on a rising ground
  With sloping sides that into valleys sank,
They met—and each an instant gazed around,
  As ship-wrecked seaman on his slender plank
Might troubled listen to the ocean's sound,
  Though from its fearful roar he never shrank.
An instant thus they gazed around—and then
Rushed to the conflict fierce, like knightly men.

Moraunt rained mighty blows, thick, fast and fierce;
  But Tristrem parried all, and sent beside
Some keen, quick thrusts, that had not failed to pierce,
  If Moraunt's shield had not been steel thrice tried
And lined with what great Arthur's sword could scarce
  Have driven through—three folds of hardest hide.
So, for one long hour's space unhurt they fought,
And neither gained the object that he sought.

At length Sir Tristrem made a feint to bring
  His blade athwart the Irish chieftain's neck,
Who raised his massive shield with rapid swing
  That abrupt, impetuous stroke to check;
But Tristrem let his sword but lightly ring
  On this—then, quick as woman's eye may beck,
Drew back, and thrust it at his arm's full length
At Moraunt's heart, with all his gathered strength.

But Moraunt saw in time, and backward drew
  So far and fast that how he kept his feet
Was even marvelous to Tristrem's view.
  Sir Tristrem, ere he could his thrust repeat
His balance to regain had much ado,
  And then, what made his trouble more complete
His sword in Moraunt's robe was tangled still
And could not be responsive to his will.

Then Moraunt, ere he could withdraw the blade,
  Flung down his shield and on the young knight rushed;
But, ere he closed, a ghastly wound he made:
  From Tristrem's thigh the red blood rapid gushed,
And life but briefly with him would have stayed,
  So soon would Moraunt's weight his limbs have crushed,
Had he not in the might of sheer despair
Shortened his blade and pushed—he knew not where.

The sword passed through grim Moraunt's hairy breast
  And came out at the back, which gave such pain
To nerves that could not welcome such a guest,
  That he could scarce from starting back refrain.
His grasp relaxing, Tristrem then addressed
  All his powers to hurl him on the plain,
And, though he failed in this, he gained some space
To wield his blade, and cleave him through the face.

The steel went in below the eyes, and passed
  With force resistless through flesh, fat and bone,
Until it reached the skull, and there stuck fast.
  Then fell the mighty form of Moraunt prone,

And soon with fixedness of death were glassed
Those eyes which once with hate and havoc shone:
His purple lips still wore their cruel smile—
But closed was the fight in the nameless isle.

Sir Tristrem, weak from loss of blood, sank down,
And lay awhile, unconscious of the past,
Forgetting danger, thoughtless of renown.
But, waking from this fearful swoon at last,
He gazed on Moraunt's blood-besprinkled frown,
His distant shield and fallen form so vast,
And called to mind his promise made the king
To give him news with speed of eagle's wing.

But first he tried to draw from Moraunt's head
The fast-adhering blade he loved so well:
But, using all his force, it snapped instead,
And, cause of future things by Merlin's spell,
It left its point within that bony bed.
By his recoil the weakened Tristrem fell,
But rose again, and seized the dead man's shield,
Proof chosen of the victor of the field.

Then, climbing slowly up a rocky height,
On a lone tree he hung the dead man's shield,
That both ships keeping, as they did, in sight
Might know without a doubt whose fate was sealed,
And who, because his cause was just and right,
Remained alive the victor of the field.
The vanquished then might bear away their dead
And dig the grave that was to be his bed.

What need to tell what all may fancy told,
The sullen anguish of the Irish band,
Deprived of chieftain, captives and of gold,
The joy in Mark's ship and on Cornish land,
The grief for the wound of their champion bold,
The homage done upon his princely hand,
And all the ecstacies that men will show,
When suddenly delivered from a foe?

It is enough to say that merry hearts
Were found that night in stately Tintagel,
For gladness such as fate not oft imparts
Mingled with the rote's melodious swell.
Thus fortune, when she checks her threatening darts,
Seems ever sweetest, as all know full well,
For bliss without a pang to show its worth
Seems not bliss to the thoughtless sons of earth.

But in the midst of feasting and of glee
The nation's heart was saddened, when it knew
That gentle Tristrem, who had set them free,
Great anguish from that fearful combat drew;
For savage Moraunt, full of treachery,
Had on his swords-point fixed a fatal glue,
By which the blood that flowed in Tristrem's veins
Was charged with poison and with racking pains.

At length his gangrened wound and troubled mind
Drove him to restless roaming on the sea,
His uncle's court and kindness left behind,
The feast, the song and all the revelry
That seemed to put him far from all mankind,
As feels a leper at the sight of glee:
And after anxious searching for a cure,
Shipwrecked at length, he fell on Ireland's shore.

Here first he saw the fair Issolte, whose skill
Redeemed his body from the poison's blight,
But almost nerved her tender arm to kill
The weakened, sick and half-cured, prostrate knight,
When first, that his had been the sword to spill
Her kinsman's blood, was open to her sight,
When she compared Sir Tristrem's broken blade
With that they drew from Moraunt's lifeless head.

She spared his life, forgave the deed, and chased
The noxious venom from his wounded thigh;
And, when the knight, returning with all haste,
For her affection taught king Mark to sigh
And, as ambassador, his steps retraced,
To neither heart was love's strong passion nigh;
But both were true and loyal to the king,
As all the elder minstrels seem to sing.

But, when upon the ship that bore away
The twain to Tintagel at Mark's behest,
Brangwaine, who at her side was wont to stay,
To quench their thirst brought what they little guess'd
Was the cup drugged their honour to betray
And fated, too, to fill with shame each breast.
They drank deep—and, quaffing that draught, they caught
A quenchless passion they had never sought.

'Twas thus that the Fight in the Nameless Isle,
As Merlin by his magic art foretold,
Became the fountain of all actions vile
That stained Sir Tristrems mem'ry with the mould
Of sin and shame through all the weighty pile
Of old Romaunts that do his deeds unfold.
Here, then, let me cease, for I may not tell
How from the noble past he sadly fell.

SOME REASONS FOR THE DECLINE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

About the beginning of the fourteenth century, was born at St. Albans, in the Island of Great Britain, Sir John de Mandeville. Sprung from a good family, he received a liberal education, and seemed to have practiced, for some time, as a physician. In A. D., 1322, he set out on his travels, under the Sultan of Egypt, and the Khan of Cathay, and journeying through Tartary, Persia, Armenia, India, and other countries, he returned to England about A. D., 1355. The year after his return he began to write a narrative of his adventures, which he dedicated to Edward III. His book written originally in Latin, was translated by himself into French, and ultimately into English, and he thus became the first English prose writer, and his work, the first book written in the English language, was published, A. D., 1356. About the same time, and during the reign of the same English king and the next succeeding one, lived and flourished Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been styled the Father of English poetry. He exposed the absurdity of his countrymen, like Gower, writing in a foreign language but himself seems to have entertained no very exalted ideas of the vernacular tongue. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, there had been several English poets, whose remains are interesting, chiefly for their antiquity; but it remained as a distinction for the reign of Edward the Third, to produce books, which tended to exalt and fix the standard of our present language. In advancing this work, Chaucer's poem had a most important influence upon the literature of his country; but it is remarkable, that during the greater part of his poetical career, he contented himself with transferring into our language, the most popular works of contemporary French and Italian writers; yet this was done, in a manner, which gives them the character of original productions, rather than that of translations. It was in a ripe old age, when he

had lived past the prime of life, and when his mental powers must have been in their fullest vigor and maturity, that the eloquence of fancy and picturesqueness of description which he had displayed in his earlier works—and all the grace and beauty of his allegorical compositions as well as his previous exhibition of power in delineating living characters—were infinitely surpassed, by the production of his immortal work, "The Canterbury Tales."

"In this work, he brings together a motley crew of "syndry "folke," who "in fellowship," "are traveling together on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. "Thomas-a-Becket, to Canterbury; and as the means of affording instruction and amusement, "they agree, each of them in their "turn, to relate a story, the details of which, with the incidents "that happen, and, above all, the "description of the character and "manners of the persons themselves, who are thus assembled, "form a picture of life and manners altogether unrivalled.—"Nothing can exceed the skill "shown in the general prologue, "in which the habits of life and "peculiarities of disposition of the "different pilgrims are so singularly and so strikingly contrasted, "with a rich vein of humour, and "discrimination of human nature."

Exalted as is the intellectual merit of this production, its greatest value is to be found in the importance and dignity which it gave to the English language, and in the very material aid which it contributed towards the establishment of the vernacular tongue, as a medium for the permanent preservation of the literature and learning of the English nation.

But in contributing to the improvement of the English language, perhaps no author ought to be put in competition with the illustrious reformer, John Wykliffe. He was contemporaneous both with Mandeville and Chaucer, and lived at the time when the great sacerdotal system of Rome had attained its fullest strength, more than a century and a half before Luther. In bold and open language he inveighed against the corruptions of the times, and such a course of conduct must have been productive of important consequences, in exciting the intellectual energies of the people. The extent and variety of knowledge he displayed, far exceeded that of most of his contemporaries; and being persuaded that the surest mode of enlightening the people, would be the perusal of the scriptures in their own tongue (although it was affirmed by illiterate ecclesiastics at the time to be heresy to speak of the Holy Scriptures in English,) he accomplished a translation, which of itself, in a literary point of view, is sufficient to have immortalized his name.

The first portion of the Latin Bible translated into the Anglo-Saxon tongue was the Gospel of St. John, which occupied the hours of the venerable Bede. It dates back to the eighth century. The great Alfred was most anxious to have the scriptures rendered into the vulgar tongue; and at the time of his death, was personally engaged in translating a portion of the Bible. There are also two interlinear translations of the Gospel and of the Psalter; all of which are of a date prior to the Norman conquest. But between that era and the time of Wykliffe, a period of three hundred years, no further progress was made.—John Wykliffe was the first to translate the Latin Bible into English prose, and to put it, without note or comment, into the hands of his countrymen. He was old, feeble and paralytic when he undertook the labor, but with the assistance of only one or two friends he applied himself to the

work, and at the end of a period of between three and four years of patient and hopeful labor, he completed his great undertaking; and once completed, Wykliffe's translation was largely sought for and extensively circulated.

Perhaps, more than the enterprise of Mandeville, or the poetical genius and taste of Chaucer, or the learning, zeal and popular theology of Wykliffe, did the policy of the reigning English monarch, Edward the Third, prevail to exalt and fix the standard of our present language, and to impart to it importance and dignity, as a vehicle for the interchange of thought among the learned and refined, and a permanent medium for the preservation of the national genius and literature. For he caused the Anglo-Saxon tongue to be spoken at court, and to be substituted in all public and judicial proceedings, instead of the barbarous Law-Latin, and Norman-French, which had been introduced at the conquest in 1066, and which had continued to be employed for very nearly three centuries. But the result of the operation of all these influences and forces combined, was, that about the beginning of the fourteenth century, for the first time, the English language began to come into use for literary and scientific purposes.

Before that era, and for a considerable time after—to a great extent—education in all the faculties, whether of Arts, Law, Divinity, or Medicine, was conducted entirely in what were called the learned languages—that is in the Latin and Greek tongues; no one with any pretension to learning at all could be entirely ignorant of them; and all the known literature of the age, together with what slight additions were made to it, from time to time by successive generations, was locked up in these dead languages. The very fact that a sort of Latin patois arose—now known as mediæval Latin—and Law-Latin—which differs so widely from, and yet is so similar to, the graceful and stately language of Livy, Cicero, Virgil and Horace, is the most conclusive evidence of the universality of the use of the Latin tongue, for all literary purposes, among our English forefathers. While philological accuracy in our day undoubtedly has increased, there has certainly been a decrease in the general knowledge of the learned languages, even among those who profess to make them their study, since the state of things existed which we aimed to point out. There seems to be some defect in the method in which the American students generally cultivate the Latin and Greek languages; and it is worth while to investigate with some care where the defect may be, especially, as the evil is a growing one.

The famous Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, directs him "never to read history without having maps, and a chronological book of tables lying by him, and constantly recurred to; without which," he adds, "history is only a confused heap of facts." He was a bad Mentor in morals, but no better guide, for shrewd practical hints, in the attainment of useful knowledge, can be found than this same Earl of Chesterfield.

Chronology has been aptly styled *one* of the eyes of history, and, with the same fitness, geography has been called the *other;* and without an accurate knowledge of these two, in relation to the period which the student has under consideration, the origin, causes, and interdependence of great events, and their immediate and remote effects, which constitute the really valuable part of historical knowledge—can never be thoroughly understood and entirely appreciated.—A poem, or a mere novel, is of

nearly as much value to the student as the most recondite historical production, if he reads only for the purpose of remembering the names of persons, of cities, of battles, and of laws, and of acquiring "a confused heap of facts."—With proper study, the Iliad of Homer will give a far more accurate knowledge of the Greeks than more authentic histories, when they are perused only for the entertaining stories they contain.—That history may really be "philosophy teaching by example," something more is requisite than that the student should retain the memory of undying names and remarkable deeds; he must use the *eyes* of history to find its august examples and solemn warnings.

Ripe scholars are rare in the United States. The standard of learning is lamentably low, even among those who have heard their "*Accipe hæc diploma*" and the amount of knowledge which is attained in our common schools so small, that in great crises, when the waters of revolution are out, and the files of our immediate experience afford no precedent for our guidance, so that we are compelled to look far back into antiquity, or into even less remote times for analogies to guide us in our action, the road to proper sources of information is almost entirely blocked up against our people. A quotation in one of the learned languages, if used among us, would be received with a smile, even in an assemblage of those who are, by courtesy,, styled *educated* men—for it would be literally Greek to them: and an illustration, drawn from classical history, could throw no light upon any subject, before one of our popular audiences, even now, when the schoolmaster is abroad, and a "little learning" has become so common in our country.

The indifference to acquiring classical learning, which all must lament; the facility in forgetting what was once acquired, which so many have experienced; and the imperfect knowledge of the learned tongues, which is generally attained, even by those who go through the ordinary curriculum of our universities, may all be traced, not entirely, but chiefly, to a single cause, and that is the want of a more extended and accurate knowledge of Ancient History, on the part of our graduates, and especially of the histories of Greece and Rome—including in this term *History*, the Mythology, Geography, and Chronology of those countries.

We have capital *school books* for teaching the rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, among which none can be found more excellent than a book recently published by a gentleman who is the principal of a classical and scientific academy in North Carolina, entitled "A Grammar of the Latin Language, by Wm. Bingham, A. M.;" and the production of a book like this, by a practical instructor of youth, showing so accurate a knowledge of the mistakes that are usually made, and of the difficulties which are generally to be encountered in the acquisition of a dead language in early life, is the very best evidence that we have *instructors* who are admirably fitted for the task of teaching the philosophy and science of the learned tongues. We have all the old classics for text-books, and it cannot be pretended that the *general intelligence* of our youth is below the ordinary standard. We must, therefore, look elsewhere for the causes of our deficiency in classical attainments.

Our youth study, *as a mere lesson of words*, the small portion of the classics, which they are required to go through with, in their academical course. They rarely think of the meaning—they seldom dream of the beauty to be found in their daily tasks. No iteration nor reiteration of the ped-

agogue can point them out, and fix them in the memory; and portions of the poems of Homer—the histories of Herodotus, Thucidides, and Xenophon—the orations of Demosthenes, and the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are temporarily prepared for recitation, to be immediately forgotten, because the student hardly realizes that men, women and children have lived and enjoyed, suffered and died, and passed out of memory, whose daily converse was in the Greek tongue. He scarcely knows that a great nation has passed away, that lisped and sported, that married and gave in marriage, that bought and sold, and conducted all the homely intercourse of daily life in this dead language, the crabbed characters of which are now his constant study. Who are these yellow-haired Achæans of whom he reads? Where sleeps the white-armed, ox-eyed women, with their hyacinthine curls, of whom the poet tells? The swift-footed Achilles—terrible in war—what was his former life? And Agamemnon—King of Men—chief over all—why was he such? Where was Mycenæ, where his palace was? Ulysses, too, so sage in counsel—old Nestor, with his honey-tongue. When had they lived—and where—and where was rocky Ithica, and Pylos with its sands?

If the student had but mastered the mythical and early history of Greece before reading, or while reading Homer, how real would all these old heroes be! How, with all their surroundings, forever fixed in his memory! As immutably as the living facts which surround each boy's infancy.

To further illustrate this matter, take the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the first tragedy of a complete trilogy, of which the "Choephon" and the "Eumenides" form the other two parts. The scene opens with a solitary watchman on the palace tower of the absent King Agamemnon. For ten long years, while the warrior kings of Greece besieged the great city of Troy, from that same stand-point, through summer's heat and winter's cold, has watched and waited for the blazing beacon, which, lighted on Ida's heights, was to flash and stream—from headland to headland—from mountain to mountain—from tower to tower—over sacred stream, and grove, and fountain—until it should announce to all Hellas the success of that great expedition. Now, at last, the beacon fires leap from peak to peak, and Clytemnestra, the wife of the absent "king of men," arouses from her guilty dalliance with her paramour, Ægistheus, to announce to her people—

> "Lo! while we breathe, the victor lords of Greece
> Stalk in stern tumult through the halls of Troy."

And while the chorus is still half incredulous, occurs that splendid passage, unequalled for force, beauty, and animation, in which the Argive queen describes the fiery messenger, which so swiftly sped from Ilion to Argotis with the long and anxiously expected tidings.

Agamemnon returns, accompanied by his captive, the royal Cassandra. That ill-fated prophetess of Troy! Cursed with prophetic inspiration, to which no one ever lends a credulous ear. She is the master terror of the tragedy; and amid all the pomp and joy which welcome the returned king, she shrieks out her ominous warnings, fated ever to be heard in vain—reminding the shuddering audience that it is the descendant of the fated Atreus, who returns to the accursed house of the Atridæ. The smell of the human shambles is in her nostrils—the dripping of kingly gore in her ears—the odor of the charnel house hangs all about her, while she foresees and

oretells the miserable and sudden fate which is about to overtake the hero.

As her visions grow clearer, she foresees, also, her own sad end, so near at hand; and sinking from frantic terror into solemn resignation, and pathetic submission to the will of the gods, she passes into the palace, now about to become her tomb. Her last sad words still linger tenderly in the ears of the audience. The philosophy of a ruined life is summed up in the bitter moment of impending death.

"Alas for mortals! what their power and pride!
A little shadow sweeps it from the earth!
And if they suffer—why the fatal hour
Comes o'er the record like a moistened sponge,
And blots it out."

And scarcely has the prophetess disappeared when we hear behind the scenes the groans of the murdered king; the palace is thrown open, and Clytemnestra is discovered standing, stern and lofty, by the dead body of her lord—such are the leading points of this wonderful drama.

Now on many students, such as usually attend our universities, its terrible beauty and deep pathos are lost. It is studied by them, but as a heap of subjects, and predicates, and objects, and attributes; of adjuncts, and qualifiers, and connectives, and particles, the logical and grammatical analysis of which, they must thoroughly master, and prepare for the professor. But if there were not a spot mentioned in that grand description of the dance of the light through the startled sky from Ilion to Mycenæ, but was already familiar to the student; if following them down from Tantalus, and Pelops, and Atreus, he had conned the history of the Atridæ; and imbued with the religious spirit of the Greeks, he recognized in the scenes which surround the death of Agamemnon the struggles of a fated race—full of human crime—darkened by the obscure warnings of the gods—and controlled by the inevitable march of destiny; and in Agamemnon himself, the victim of his sires: if the mythical stories of Clytemnestra and Ægistheus, and Cassandra, were as familiar to the reader as household words, or biblical histories, then, and only then, would the full grandeur of the poem be felt, and the blazing splendor of the fires of immortal genius flash upon him, in the light of which, he would find this drama "a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever."

So in reading Herodotus, or Thucydides, or Xenophon, if the student reads the whole of any one of these authors—and under the most favorable circumstances he reads but a small portion of each—but assuming that he reads the whole of any one or more of these authors, still, having no accurate knowledge of the general history of Greece, he finds in his author but a confused heap of names and facts, isolated from his general historical knowledge; he is uninformed as to what events are transpiring during the same period in neighboring empires and kingdoms; the mutual relations and inter-dependence of great events he cannot fathom; and he is furnished with no sufficient data upon which to found any logical reasoning on historical facts. As a natural consequence, not only the events narrated are immediately forgotten, but the mind becomes disgusted at the language in which they are conveyed, and hastens to forget that also; indeed, it would be next to impossible to impress very vividly upon the memory language which conveys no very lucid ideas, nor any indispensably useful information. And most of these evil consequences could be avoided if the student were taught to look for the true connection between causes and effects in reading

history, and to realize and remember that chronology is not a dry and mechanical compilation of barren dates, but the explanation of events, and the philosophy of facts.

And what is here said of Greek classics and Grecian history may, *mutatis mutandis*, be urged, with equal force, regarding Latin classics and Roman history. The student approaches the study of the Latin classics, with no sufficiently accurate knowledge of the history of the country to which they refer. For it is to be remembered that in its broad and proper signification, the term *History* embraces the Mythology, Geography and Chronology of a country, as well as a narrative of its events, and changes of institutions and laws, and an account of the religion, morals, manners, and habits of the people.

This ignorance of the *real* histories of Greece and Rome does not result from the fact that such studies are entirely neglected in our schools. It is true that sufficient preparatory study is not given to such matters; but many young men are to be found who have the *names* of Lycurgus and Solon, of Pisistratus and Clisthenes; of Leonidas, Miltiades, Themistocles, and Aristides; of Cimon, Cleon, and Alcibiades; of Xenophon, Pelopidas, Epaminondas, and Philopœmen, at their tongue's end. Not a few have *vague ideas* of the battles of Thermopylæ and Marathon; of Salamis, Mycale, and Platæa; of Ægos, Potamus, and Cunaxa; of Mantinea, Cheronœa, and Ipsus. Nay, *some* have a *general impression* of the topography of Athens and Sparta, and Thebes, and Corinth; of Smyrna, and Sardis, and Ephesus; of Syracuse, and Croton, and Sybaris, and Tarentum, and of their respective positions relatively to each other. Unfortunately their knowledge ends here.

If asked to give an account of the institutions of Lycurgus, or of the political constitution propounded by Solon; if required to state the effects of the usurpation of Pisistratus, or the changes effected by the revolution of Clisthenes; if the theme for discussion be the immediate and remote causes of the Persian wars, the origin of the Peloponessian war, the condition of the Athenians under Pericles, or the effects of the battle of Cheronœa, or of Ipsus, they discover, *to their surprise*, how superficial and imperfect their knowledge is.

There is so brilliant a blaze of romance that hangs about the names of Romulus and Numa, of Coriolanus and Camillus—there is so lasting a halo of glory, that glitters upon the crests of Scipio and Pompey, and Cæsar, and Anthony—there is so terrible a cloud of guilt that darkens the fate of Marius and Sylla, and Cataline—that no one could have dwelt, even for a short time, in the atmosphere where the history of Rome is taught without imbibing, almost unconsciously and involuntarily, some knowledge of the Roman world.

The "*væ victis*" of the conquering Brennus, as he casts his sword into the trembling scale, and unsuspecting, turns to meet the stern gaze of Camillus, who, all the Roman in him roused, declares, "that it is with iron, and not with gold, that Romans pay their tribute." The gallant Curtius, with mettled steed, in all the bravery of youth and beauty, and his full panoply of war, leaping, as happy as a bridegroom, into the great gulph which threatened to swallow up the seven-hilled city—that yielding thus her choicest gift, the immortal commonwealth might be saved. The undaunted Scævola, with his right hand crackling amid the coals, to teach Rome's enemies how little torture availed to wring from her sons the counsel of Romans. The

grand old senate, in the darkest day of Roman story, when Cannæ had been fought and lost, passing beyond the civic gates, to meet the unsuccessful consul, Varro, and thank him in the people's name 'for that he had not despaired of the republic'—present a series of pictures commemorating events, the echo of which will live in every school-boy's memory long after more important matters are forgotten.

But to trace out the changes of the Roman polity, from monarchy to aristocracy, from aristocracy to republic, from republic to democracy, and from democracy to imperial rule—how many are prepared for this? But to find the causes which developed the mighty power of the Roman Empire—which spread a small civic community in the central portion of the peninsula over the whole of Italy, and extended the imperial sway over almost every portion of the known world, until the Mediterranean sea became but a Roman lake, to ascertain the origin of that mighty force in useful arts, and arms, and laws, which even now is seen in its effects—effects which are boundless in extent and endless in duration—in the remotest times, and the most distant countries—*this* requires a degree of knowledge far different, both in its character and extent.

In fine, the *real* history of the ancients is little known by our students; and chiefly for this reason, that all history, without accurate chronology and geography, is necessarily dark and confused. Lord Chesterfield's advice never to read history without maps and chronological tables is neglected—the eyes of history are not used for its perusal. To remedy this defect in our system of education good books upon classical chronology and geography, and upon Greek and Roman Antiquities generally, are *desiderata* in our literature. Of mere Manuals, Dictionaries and Catalogues, we have more than enough; but all such subjects, at their first presentation to the student, necessarily appear jejune, dry, and repulsive, and we need books to infuse interest and vitality into them, and to exhibit them in such a shape and light, as will secure their adherence in the memory, and render them easily to be recalled at will. The author who shall devote himself to this arduous task, will merit the profound gratitude of the friends of classical learning everywhere, and the especial thanks of of American scholars. *Ille mihi erit meus magnus Apollo.*

HON. GEORGE E. BADGER.

I feel it to be my duty to write a few lines concerning the great and good man, who has recently departed from among us, and whose memory North Carolina will ever cherish with a mother's pride and love. I knew him long and knew him well. He was my friend and one of the most esteemed and valued of all my friends, although we were never bound together by any sympathy of opinion or feeling, in reference to political subjects generally. In drawing his character I shall endeavor to avoid any species of exaggeration. As Judge Strong remarked of Samuel Dexter, he needs no panegyric but the truth. He was certainly a man of honor, virtue and piety, a true patriot, a devoted son of North Carolina, and a

man who was highly exemplary in all his social and domestic relations. It pleased his Maker to bestow upon him extraordinary endowments, and he exhibited commanding ability on every theatre of action, which afforded a field for the exertion of his rare powers. Mr. Badger took his seat in the American Senate Chamber in the day of its great lights. He served with Calhoun, the senator of mighty mind, lofty patriotism, and unsullied purity. There, too, was Webster, "in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect," and who in reference to his manly and patriotic position in 1850, resembled, as has been said, a New England rock repelling a New England wave. There, too, was Clay, whose patriotism and eloquence, in the language of a political opponent, electrified both houses of Congress, and the charm of whose character, in any age, would have rendered him the favorite of history. There were other stars not of equal magnitude, but which still added splendor to the grand constellation. In the distinguished assembly of statesmen, scholars, orators and jurists, he maintained a deservedly elevated position, and an estimate was placed on his splendid genius by his brother Senators, hardly below that of his most ardent admirers at home. As a member of the Executive cabinet, his views were greatly respected by the President and by his associates in office, and at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, he had few equals and no superiors. He was for a short time Judge of the Superior Courts in North Carolina, and dignified the ermine by his talents, his learning and his virtues.

Mr. Badger is best known to me as an advocate and a jurist.—He was a forensic orator of the very first class, and would have been so considered at any bar in the world. He was powerful in argument, convincing in reasoning, and exceedingly fortunate in illustration. Disdaining small matters he seized on the strong points of a case and pressed them with brevity, but with irresistible power. His words flowed from his lips like water from a copious fountain, and seemed to cost him no exertion whatever, yet they were the most happy and appropriate that could have been selected by study. His diction was chaste, lucid, forcible, and elegant, and so simple as to be readily understood by the most ignorant of his hearers. He had not only the intellectual but also the physical qualities of a great speaker.—He had an excellent voice, a fine person, a noble face, and an eye beaming with animation and intelligence. His delivery was graceful, dignified and impressive, entirely natural to him, and utterly devoid of every species of affectation. His efforts in important cases thronged the court-house to overflowing with an eager multitude from every sphere of society, were listened to with almost breathless attention, and were received with admiration and delight. They certainly had a very great effect upon the minds and hearts of those to whom they were addressed. He knew how to wield with a master hand every weapon in the armory of the advocate. If Mr. Badger was not an orator, in the highest sense of the term, I have yet to form the first conception of what constitutes eloquence. If he was not an orator then eloquence does not consist in vigor of thought, excellence of sentiment, beauty of expression, and in the charm of the best and most becoming delivery. I have been fond of reading the best speeches of the most eminent members of the profession to which I belong, and especially those of Erskine whom lord Campbell pronounces the greatest advocate that England has produced. There is none

of them in my opinion superior to several which Mr. Badger has delivered at the bar of North Carolina. He was a model of professional dignity and propriety, upright and conscientious in all his transactions with his clients, fair in the management of his causes, and ingenuous and liberal towards his adversaries, especially if they happened to be junior members of the profession. I have dwelt on his fame as an eloquent and accomplished advocate, but he had other high claims to professional superiority. He was a master of the science of special pleading, he was a first-rate draughts-man, he was a lawyer of sound and extensive learning, and had clear, accurate and comprehensive views upon the subject of jurisprudence generally, and especially as to its great fundamental principles. But I may have dilated too much upon considerations connected with his position at the bar, and will proceed to consider him in a point of light more agreeable and engaging to persons generally.

It affords me pleasure to speak of the social qualities of Mr. Badger. His manners were affable and winning, unaffected, and without ostentation. He was one of the most instructive, interesting, and delightful of companions.—Who that has ever mingled with him in the social circle, beneath his own most hospitable roof, or elsewhere, could fail to remember for life the ease, grace, eloquence and force of his conversation; who could have forgotten that ever ready and ever brilliant wit, and that fine flow of talk, which rendered him the ornament and charm of every company, and which delighted the old and the young. Whether he thought proper to remark upon subjects of jurisprudence, politics, or theology, or comment on one of Shakspeare's plays, or Scott's romances, or to give a sketch of some of the most interesting of the debates during the period of his service in the Senate, or to tell anecdotes as to amusing scenes at the great drama of the bar, or whatever theme might be presented for the exhibition of his unrivaled colloquial powers, he always, by his genius and taste, invested the subject with a fascinating interest, and was listened to with respect and admiration. I am of the opinion that his conversation, in strong sense, readiness and beauty of expression, brilliant wit and amusing anecdotes, resembled in a high degree that of the celebrated Dr. Johnson as recorded by Boswell. Yet he never talked for the purpose of eclat or display, but merely to disburden his mind.—He did not study out, at his leisure, smart sayings with which to dazzle a coterie of admirers, but his conversation was as easy and unlabored as it could be, and in that consisted one of its chief attractions. The pleasant and happy hours which I have spent in the company of this gifted and excellent man are now among the most delightful reminiscences of my life, and I look back upon them with a melancholy interest—as bright gleams of the past. The grave has closed over him, but fond recollection will often bring before me the features of his noble countenance, and the tones of his voice will long linger on my ear. My heart will cherish his memory until that heart shall cease to beat with the tide of life. North Carolina has sustained a very great loss; well may we say in the language of Jeremiah, "how is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod." If I had never shaken him by the hand, if I had never known him personally, I should mourn over the tomb of the great North Carolinian, who has shed an undying lustre upon the land

of his birth. North Carolina is poor and impoverished, but the desolation of war cannot deprive her of one species of wealth. I allude to the rich jewels of the fame of her sons—those jewels which will shine the brightest in her darkest hour. It has not been the purpose of the writer to prepare a biography, or biographical sketch of Mr. Badger. He will leave that task to some one who wields a pen of superior power to his own. It has been his object in this article to place before the people of North Carolina his estimate of the genius, learning and virtues of his lamented friend. I will merely add that Mr. Badger was born in New Berne, North Carolina, on the 17th of April, 1795, was educated at Yale College, and died at his residence in Raleigh on the 11th of May, 1866, and that his remains now repose in the city cemetery at Raleigh.

W. E.

Raleigh, June 8, 1866.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

CHAPTER XIX.

An English yacht is making its way amongst the vessels of different nations which crowd the harbor of Beyroot. On its deck is seated Sir Alfred Mowbray and his now intimate friend, Lionel Benjamin. Very venerable looking men they are both, and the soft breeze from the shore of Syria plays among the waving grey locks of Sir Alfred, and tosses the golden curls of a cherub-faced little girl about five years of age, who leans upon his knee and gazes, with a rapt expression, towards the land.

"Now, my darling pet," says Sir Alfred, "can you show me the British flag, amid all these ships?"

Slowly the large, thoughtful eyes are withdrawn from the shore and sweep around the crowded harbor. Then a bright smile breaks from the angelic, baby face, and a little dimpled finger is pointed to the crimson folds which float from an English frigate.

"Now the American flag," says the delighted great-grandfather. The little creature looks eagerly from mast to mast, and seems quite puzzled.

"There is no American flag here," she at length replies, positively.

"Yes, yes, mignonne, there is one. It is just before you."

"Those stripes and stars—no, that is not the American flag, for I have a toy American flag which Sir John Talbot sent me from Richmond, and it is not at all like that."

"Oh you little rebel," said Mr. Benjamin, laughing, "the Yankees would put a rope around your plump little neck, if they could catch you, and hang you as they did Mrs. Surratt."

"Did they hang Mrs. Surratt?" asked little Mildred, "and do they hang all the Southerners?" her rosy cheeks becoming somewhat blanched.

"No, no," said Mr. Benjamin, "they only hang a few to punish the guilt of all."

"Guilt!" said the child, her eyes flashing, "Sir John Talbot says they are the best people in the world, and that the poor Africans, whom they call slaves, had improved so much—they were so much better than the black people in Africa. And he says some of their leaders were perfect saints."

"Well my little enthusiast, I suppose some of their leaders would be acknowledged as saints as well as heroes in any age or country.

And the Southern people," addressing Sir Alfred, "I am inclined to think *are* the best people in the world, but God never sends great national punishments without great national guilt."

"And in what did their national guilt consist?" asked Sir Alfred, with an air of interst.

"In the words of one of their own people, who quoted from our prophet Ezekiel, "In pride, fulness of bread and abundance of idleness." Their institution of slavery had a good effect on the people in many respects, and a bad one in other respects. It induced idleness, and this would not have been the case if it had been kept in scriptural bounds. The Bible says, "Of the heathen shall ye buy bondmen and bondwomen, and they shall be your children's inheritance forever." Now this is plain, direct, explicit. England violated this precept when she freed the heathen slaves in her colonies. And time has proved it a mistake! But the slavery of the Bible was a mild, paternal sway. The great annual festivals were to be shared by the man-servant and the maid-servant. I have seen the celebration of Christmas in Southern America which was my beau-ideal of a joyous family festival. There is no scripture warrant for *selling* a slave. They should be inalienable property.—The Arabs never sell their slaves. They and their families belong to the owners, father and son, for generations. Their interests, religion and pleasures are the same, but the true Bedouins never intermarry with them. The slaves accept their inferior condition with happy contentment. One of these slaves, when asked by a traveler if their masters ever sold them, exclaimed in indignant surprise, "Sell us! *istuqfar Allah!*—God forbid!" A mild form of slavery is by far the best condition for a degraded race. They need protection, and they need an impelling force to make them do their duty, in making subsistence for themselves and others. All history proves this. The "beneficent whip," (according to Carlyle) is not so hard to bear as the pangs of hunger.

Sir Alfred smiled and said, "If you are right, and I believe you are, we must conclude that an immense amount of philanthropic effort, fervid writing, impassioned speaking, including curses and imprecations, have been wasted, or worse than wasted, by the abolitionists of England and America."

"You say if I am right, Sir Alfred—there is no *if* in the case, when that book which all christian nations acknowledge as the word of God, decides it. We may buy from heathen, but we have no permission to buy from christian masters. The relationship of master and slave, once formed, in a christian country, should be dissolved only by death. Whenever men become prepared for freedom they will be free, as inevitably as oil rises above water, or as water finds its level."

"I believe this firmly," replied Sir Alfred.

After landing with their large retinue of English servants, tents, and every convenience for traveling, Mr. Molyneux preceded his party to the suburbs, where their numerous tents were pitched, and Adele, (now Mrs. Molyneux, and the mother of the beautiful little girl we introduced on board of the yacht,) and Mrs. Alfred Mowbray (Sarah Benjamin) with two fine children, soon made themselves at home in these novel and delightful surroundings. Alfred Mowbray has grown stout and portly—a John Bull of the best class.—Charles Molyneux is the same, except that his gay, light-hearted expression has given place to a tender softness of glance which falls upon his wife and child with almost idolatrous fondness.

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On the morrow when they set out on their journey southward, the children were vastly delighted at their oriental mode of traveling. Mrs. Cecil was still a beloved and honored member of the household, and little Mildred Molyneux and Charlie and Eva Mowbray thought nobody told such beautiful tales, or was in any way so interesting as 'Mamma Cecil,' as she had taught them to call her. She now entertained the little ones with touching scripture histories connected with the holy spots they were about to visit, and glowing tales of the crusaders, the English Richard of the Lion-heart, the renowned knights of St. John, and in later days, tales of French and English conquests. Palestine was more than a fairy-land to these children: it was indeed a Holy Land.

Adele and Sarah both felt towards these sacred precincts as if approaching *home*—the earthly home of Jesus, and how sweet, how dear was the beauty of landscape of this most loved of all lands. As they journey through the splendid plains of Esdraelon with its vast carpet of flowers and grass, and the holy mountains around Tabor, Gilboa, Carmel, and Little Hermon: Tabor, supposed to be the mount where our Lord talked with Moses and Elijah, and of which David sang "Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name," and of which Jeremirah prophesied, "Surely as Tabor is among mountains and Carmel by the sea, so shall He come." And Carmel, where the wealthy and churlish Nabal, with his beautiful wife, Abigail, dwelt in the lordly home of his ancestors, and made feasts 'like the feasts of a king.' Carmel, of which Isaiah spoke so eloquently, "The desert shall blossom abundantly—the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, *the excellency of Carmel* and Sharon." Carmel where the powerful King Uzziah kept his vine-dressers, "for he loved husbandry."

They reached the entrance of the valley, where the Hebrew Christians dwelt, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A fortified wall had been built across this entrance, and admittance was obtained through a guarded gateway. The valley was spacious and beautiful, and a broad and well kept road lay before them, as soon as they had passed the gate. It was unlike anything of the sort they had seen in Palestine. To the right was an elevated plateau, backed by steep picturesque mountains, and on this plateau the church of the now numerous colony was built, and surrounded by stately buildings. Adele was surprised at their number and splendor. The church itself looked as if belonging to that age which produced an architecture so beautiful that it was said the angels assisted the labors of men. The graceful arches of grey stone seemed to spring from the soil as freely as the mounting spray of a fountain. Adele thought involuntarily, in looking at it, of the Angels Choir of the grand old Lincoln Cathedral. She had almost a passion for beautiful architecture, and often when she had stood in the Cathedral of Lincoln gazing at the interior so gloriously replete with unearthly beauty, the idea had occurred to her that the very soul of the good old bishop St. Hugh (Burgundas)*

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The old Rabbi greeted them with warm cordiality, and Adele soon began to ask questions about the church.

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"Had I been young, dear lady, my time, I trust, would have been better employed than spending weeks and months in planning even a church. There is so much more important work to do for our race, that had I not been too old and feeble for active parochial duties, I would have thought my time misemployed. The bishop gave me the work to do, and I prayed God that each line I drew might express gratitude and praise to Him. I was an accomplished draftsman and had seen most of the celebrated churches of Europe. God answered my prayer, and blessed my efforts, and I feel that my church expresses what I strove for. But oh how inferior are the noblest conceptions of the human soul to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

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The large building on the left is a college for educating our sons: a similar one on the right is for educating our daughters. All this business of educating is entrusted to the bishops. Their pay consists of the first fruits and tithes, and they consider it ample."

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At the gate of the church Mrs. Benjamin embraces Adele with a mother's fondness, and clasps the three children to her breast successively. Mrs. Cecil is also welcomed with overflowing joy. They enter the church—the services are short and simple—a portion of

scripture, a hymn and a prayer. How touching it was to Adele to hear these lines read in a Jewish church: "For I am determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." And the devout air of all was very sweet and beautiful.

When the service was over, our party all went to Mr. Benjamin's. Adele knew he was a man of wealth, and it was not the expense which he had lavished upon his home which surprised her, but that so much could have been accomplished in the short space of six years. The grounds, the mansion, the woods, (which was the natural growth of the spot, however,) looked almost as old as those of Lanstead Abbey. The house was built of cut stone, and looked like a real old English homestead, of almost palace-like dimensions.

Adele's first thought on reaching any new locality was to see if her grandfather was comfortable and happy. She saw him pacing slowly up and down a broad terrace which overlooked the extensive and beautiful valley, studded with villas which nestled amid fields, groves, orchards and gardens, in a wilderness of cultivated and polished beauty. As she followed her grandfather, to overtake him, she heard him murmuring to himself, "The land of Jesus! the home of Christ! blessed, blessed land." Adele placed her hand within his arm, and looking up into his face with eyes overflowing with happy tears, she said, "Yes, dear grandpapa, less than twenty miles from here is Nazareth, the home of our Savior's childhood, and his dear feet may often have pressed this very sod! That blue mountain which we see from this spot, Mr. Benjamin tells me, rises just above the village of Nazareth. In a few days we will visit it."

Mr. Alfred looked long and earnestly at the mountain as though his mind were filled with sweet, devotional, happy thoughts.

He then said, "My love, I thought I could never feel to any land as I did towards England, but there is something in this beautiful country, with its sacred associations, which fills my heart with a quiet, soothing happiness, such as I imagine a child to feel on returning home after a long absence."

"That is just the expression of my own feeling, grandpapa. It seems to me like coming home.—If the country were not so beautiful, however, I do not think we would have this feeling to such a degree. It is so sweet, and although strange in many of its aspects, so home-like."

"We will find many parts of the country looking desolate and ruined. This valley has been improved; but however dreary and barren it might be, it is still the land where Jesus lived and died," replied Sir Alfred.

The large hall to which they were summoned to dinner was like the dining hall of an old baronial castle. The artistic taste with which every thing was designed and arranged, united with a home-like sweetness of atmosphere, filled Adele with a strange pleasure. The tall open windows, shaded from without by the peculiar oaks of Palestine, overlooked a landscape of surpassing loveliness. The roses and geraniums to which she was accustomed at home, bloomed here with a new luxuriance and beauty of tint which she had never seen equaled.

After spending some days here, and visiting the estates around, Sir Alfred and Mr. Molyneux expressed themselves delighted with the modes of farming in use. All, except the clergy, were engaged in agriculture, and what surprised them more than anything else, was that men of wealth, as most of the colonists were, engaged in the active duties of the

farm (for the first five hours after morning prayer) as busily as any common laborer. Their hired laborers were mostly the poor of their own race, and they treated them like kinsmen.

The antique (*looking*) baronial dining hall was the place where the whole establishment dined, as in good old English times.

The master, his family and guests occupied the upper end of the long table, while the dependants occupied the other; but as their ancient laws required, they were all bathed and attired in clean garments as soon as the work of the day was over. And their social intercourse extended no further, except in the interchange of kind offices, when occasion required, for the family and guests then withdrew to the drawing rooms, where the remainder of the evening was usually spent. Mr. Benjamin and his son Joseph performed their regular five hours of field labor, plowing, reaping, or sowing. Joseph then changed his work dress for one of finer material and repaired to the college, where another five hours were spent in study. He then joined the family at dinner and spent the rest of the day in recreation. The common laborers spent ten hours in the field.

The life of Mr. Benjamin and his son was the same as that of all other gentlemen and their sons in the colony. Five hours of active field labor—five hours of study, reading, writing and business, and the remainder of the day in social enjoyment. Their field labor did not at all impair their appearance as gentlemen.—They were the handsomest of a handsome race. They had every advantage of dress which wealth and good taste could bestow, and their constant use of pure (i. e. running) water gave their complexions an exquisite freshness and beauty and their hair and beard an unsurpassed gloss and softness.

Alfred Mowbray, who, since his marriage, seemed to consider himself responsible for the whole Jewish race, was charmed beyond measure to find so great a number of cultivated gentlemen, and enlightened agriculturists; for in English estimation, next thing to being a gentleman is being a successful cultivator of land. All of an English gentlemen's instincts seem to be those of a landholder.

Molyneux was also in raptures with the habits of the colony.—"Their work makes them strong and vigorous, and yet their habits of study are such that their minds are cultivated to an unusual degree. You will find they do not merely read, they study. And did ever six years of labor transform a desolate valley into such a perfect Eden before? The American poet, Poe, talks of marvellous beauty of landscape being produced by the ministration of angels. I can scarcely imagine greater beauty than this produced by the ministration of cultivated, intellectual men."

"Yes," said Sir Alfred, smiling, "this colony was formed as Solomon's temple was built—by bringing together materials which had already been carefully prepared.

The reason that the architecture of the middle ages surpassed all others was that the great and noble took it into their own hands literally. The Egyptian pyramids were built by slaves; they express little beyond brute strength. The Greek temples were built by artists, men of soul; and the Gothic churches were built by christian praying men, who strove to embody prayer and praise in stone. So I believe when the mind and soul of man is brought to bear upon the culture of the earth, they will impress upon its face a beauty of which we now have but little conception. Mind will lessen labor until the earth will teem with fertility with but little toil. It is a curious circumstance that those

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While he was still speaking, a silvery chime rang out from the steeple of the church.

"The hour for evening prayer," said the aged Ben Isreal, and the valley which a moment before seemed to rest in perfect solitude and Sabbath-like stillness, became suddenly alive with animated groups of young men and maidens, old men and children, matrons, with little ones at their sides, and aged mothers in Israel tottering onward to the sanctuary. Our cavalcade stopped at the gate near the church and dismounted. Mr. Benjamin and Sarah hurried down a lovely and romantic path, which was a near way to Mr. Benjamin's mansion, to meet the family whom they knew would be coming to the evening prayer.—They have not far to go. Mrs. Benjamin, Eva, Joseph, now a well grown youth, and old Leah are coming up the path. Sarah bursts into tears of joy as she embraced her mother and Eva. But little is said, for they all turn towards the sanctuary.

At the gate of the church Mrs. Benjamin embraces Adele with a mother's fondness, and clasps the three children to her breast successively. Mrs. Cecil is also welcomed with overflowing joy. They enter the church—the services are short and simple—a portion of

scripture, a hymn and a prayer. How touching it was to Adele to hear these lines read in a Jewish church: "For I am determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." And the devout air of all was very sweet and beautiful.

When the service was over, our party all went to Mr. Benjamin's. Adele knew he was a man of wealth, and it was not the expense which he had lavished upon his home which surprised her, but that so much could have been accomplished in the short space of six years. The grounds, the mansion, the woods, (which was the natural growth of the spot, however,) looked almost as old as those of Lanstead Abbey. The house was built of cut stone, and looked like a real old English homestead, of almost palace-like dimensions.

Adele's first thought on reaching any new locality was to see if her grandfather was comfortable and happy. She saw him pacing slowly up and down a broad terrace which overlooked the extensive and beautiful valley, studded with villas which nestled amid fields, groves, orchards and gardens, in a wilderness of cultivated and polished beauty. As she followed her grandfather, to overtake him, she heard him murmuring to himself, "The land of Jesus! the home of Christ! blessed, blessed land." Adele placed her hand within his arm, and looking up into his face with eyes overflowing with happy tears, she said, "Yes, dear grandpapa, less than twenty miles from here is Nazareth, the home of our Savior's childhood, and his dear feet may often have pressed this very sod! That blue mountain which we see from this spot, Mr. Benjamin tells me, rises just above the village of Nazareth. In a few days we will visit it."

Mr. Alfred looked long and earnestly at the mountain as though his mind were filled with sweet, devotional, happy thoughts.

He then said, "My love, I thought I could never feel to any land as I did towards England, but there is something in this beautiful country, with its sacred associations, which fills my heart with a quiet, soothing happiness, such as I imagine a child to feel on returning home after a long absence."

"That is just the expression of my own feeling, grandpapa. It seems to me like coming home.—If the country were not so beautiful, however, I do not think we would have this feeling to such a degree. It is so sweet, and although strange in many of its aspects, so home-like."

"We will find many parts of the country looking desolate and ruined. This valley has been improved; but however dreary and barren it might be, it is still the land where Jesus lived and died," replied Sir Alfred.

The large hall to which they were summoned to dinner was like the dining hall of an old baronial castle. The artistic taste with which every thing was designed and arranged, united with a home-like sweetness of atmosphere, filled Adele with a strange pleasure. The tall open windows, shaded from without by the peculiar oaks of Palestine, overlooked a landscape of surpassing loveliness. The roses and geraniums to which she was accustomed at home, bloomed here with a new luxuriance and beauty of tint which she had never seen equaled.

After spending some days here, and visiting the estates around, Sir Alfred and Mr. Molyneux expressed themselves delighted with the modes of farming in use. All, except the clergy, were engaged in agriculture, and what surprised them more than anything else, was that men of wealth, as most of the colonists were, engaged in the active duties of the

farm (for the first five hours after morning prayer) as busily as any common laborer. Their hired laborers were mostly the poor of their own race, and they treated them like kinsmen.

The antique (*looking*) baronial dining hall was the place where the whole establishment dined, as in good old English times.

The master, his family and guests occupied the upper end of the long table, while the dependants occupied the other; but as their ancient laws required, they were all bathed and attired in clean garments as soon as the work of the day was over. And their social intercourse extended no further, except in the interchange of kind offices, when occasion required, for the family and guests then withdrew to the drawing rooms, where the remainder of the evening was usually spent. Mr. Benjamin and his son Joseph performed their regular five hours of field labor, plowing, reaping, or sowing. Joseph then changed his work dress for one of finer material and repaired to the college, where another five hours were spent in study. He then joined the family at dinner and spent the rest of the day in recreation. The common laborers spent ten hours in the field.

The life of Mr. Benjamin and his son was the same as that of all other gentlemen and their sons in the colony. Five hours of active field labor—five hours of study, reading, writing and business, and the remainder of the day in social enjoyment. Their field labor did not at all impair their appearance as gentlemen.—They were the handsomest of a handsome race. They had every advantage of dress which wealth and good taste could bestow, and their constant use of pure (i. e. running) water gave their complexions an exquisite freshness and beauty and their hair and beard an unsurpassed gloss and softness.

Alfred Mowbray, who, since his marriage, seemed to consider himself responsible for the whole Jewish race, was charmed beyond measure to find so great a number of cultivated gentlemen, and enlightened agriculturists; for in English estimation, next thing to being a gentleman is being a successful cultivator of land. All of an English gentlemen's instincts seem to be those of a landholder.

Molyneux was also in raptures with the habits of the colony.—"Their work makes them strong and vigorous, and yet their habits of study are such that their minds are cultivated to an unusual degree. You will find they do not merely read, they study. And did ever six years of labor transform a desolate valley into such a perfect Eden before? The American poet, Poe, talks of marvellous beauty of landscape being produced by the ministration of angels. I can scarcely imagine greater beauty than this produced by the ministration of cultivated, intellectual men."

"Yes," said Sir Alfred, smiling, "this colony was formed as Solomon's temple was built—by bringing together materials which had already been carefully prepared.

The reason that the architecture of the middle ages surpassed all others was that the great and noble took it into their own hands literally. The Egyptian pyramids were built by slaves; they express little beyond brute strength. The Greek temples were built by artists, men of soul; and the Gothic churches were built by christian praying men, who strove to embody prayer and praise in stone. So I believe when the mind and soul of man is brought to bear upon the culture of the earth, they will impress upon its face a beauty of which we now have but little conception. Mind will lessen labor until the earth will teem with fertility with but little toil. It is a curious circumstance that those

trees upon which men, in the early ages of the world, (when we think God's impress upon the soul was not so much effaced as at present) depended for food, were trees the most picturesque and beautiful in form. There is a harmony between man's wants and his tastes, which should convey to us the most instructive lessons.

Macauley, with that powerful weapon, his pen, demolishes Southey, because the poor poet, following his instincts, tried to convince his countrymen that whatever is not beautiful and graceful in outward form, is not good for mankind, physically, mentally or morally.* I am the most practical of men, as my past life proves, but I am now inclined to agree with the poet and differ with the gifted utilituriun.

Southey did not love black furnaces, smoky factories and ironmonger's shops. The poor fellow preferred green meadows, sparkling rills and shady groves. And Macauley kicks him therefor into contempt and confusion of face. But we venture to say if the same amount of mind which had been put into those ugly furnaces and factories had been put into the cultivation of the soil, the generous soil would have returned a larger dividend. The men who made their bread out of the factory, might have made it out of the soil with much less labor."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Benjamin, "and there is something utterly repugnant to my mind in the idea of men spending their whole lives in working to support their bodies; no time to cultivate their immortal minds."

"But your laborers, sir," said Mr. Molyneux, "work ten hours a day, while in some places the work hours are reduced to eight."

"Yes," said Mr. Benjamin, "but they work only five days in the week, while other laborers work six. Still we are looking forward to the time when their work hours will be reduced. We have still so much to do here that we cannot afford this reduction at present.

(*To be Continued.*)

* Southey's Colloquies on Society.

THE HAVERSACK.

During the war, the Southern papers exulted in the fact that while Gen. Lee at Fredericksburg stood by the side of a working battery of artillery, Gen. Burnside was in the Phillips house on the opposite side of the river and miles away from his struggling and discomfited troops, directing their movements by the aid of "a powerful field-glass" and "orderlies commanded to ride very fast." But to many a thoughtful Southern mind, there was more cause for sorrow than for boastfulness in the difference of positions held by the opposing Generals, while the battle was raging. It proved how vastly superior to ours was the discipline of that Army which could make such repeated, desperate and fruitless assaults, when its commander was beyond the range of the most powerful Whitworth gun. On the contrary, the Southern officer, like the Roman, had to be a *leader*: his men would *follow*, but they could not be *driven*. Hence the enormous slaughter of Southern officers: there has been nothing like it, nothing making any approach to it in all the wars

of mankind, from the first shedding of blood down to the present war. Discipline with us was always so lax as scarcely to deserve the name. Straggling from the very first was enormous; the soldier marched with his command or not pretty much as he pleased, went home and came back very much as he felt inclined. A premium having thus been put upon straggling, it was not long till it degenerated into desertion. In its turn, desertion, which was of rare occurrence in the first year of the war, increased by degrees, because seldom punished, until it finally assumed frightful proportions.—This loose state of things was not due to an insubordinate spirit in our troops. They would have submitted to any degree of just restraint or healthful discipline.—The fault lay in the neglect of officers to enforce orders, not in a wanton spirit of disobedience on the part of the men. But disregard for authority having been once established, a most free and easy state of things existed between rulers and ruled. The badge of the *officer* was but little regarded; he was respected or despised as a *man* and not as a commander. The qualities of the *individual* were those, which won the admiration or provoked the sarcasm of the soldiery. We will give a few anecdotes showing this, remarking that among the many causes which led to the failure of the Confederacy not the least important is that illustrated by the relative position of Lee and Burnside at the battle of Fredericksburg.

In the Army of Lee, of Johnston, of the Trans-Mississippi, or in some of the numerous Departments of the South, there was a General officer, who had established a reputation as a good fighter, but who had a morbid desire to be popular with the men. The craving for popularity had made him claim on one occasion the *honor* of suggesting the issue of a *hominy* ration to the men. And he was by no means neglectful in improving every opportunity for informing them of their indebtedness to him for the favor. The same thirst for applause caused him to wish for a sobriquet, which would the more identify him with the men and endear him to them. So one day he intimated as delicately as might be, his wishes to some privates who had been under him when in a subordinate position.—These men readily assured him of their willingness to gratify him, but asked for a little delay that they might select a suitable cognomen. The delay was granted and a day appointed for the return of the ambitious hero. Punctual to the moment, he was there and thus gracefully introduced himself and his subject. "Well, boys, I suppose that you have been thinking over the thing, which *you hinted* to me about the other day. I reckon that I ought not to have any more scruples about it, or feelings of false delicacy, so I will leave the matter with my friends." Jackson is called "Old Stonewall," Loring is called "old blizzard," and Dick Taylor, "fighting Dick." I dont know why it is but some of the boys over there *will* call me 'fighting ————.' The boys not taking the last hint, so delicately given, replied, "we have been thinking of our great obligation to you for that nice ration you got us the other day, and so we have all agreed to call you "old hominy!"

It is said that the largest dictionaries on the continent do not contain some of the words, which the astounded General used on that occasion.

A private soldier sends us the subjoined anecdote, which is to the same purport as that given above. During the seige of Petersburg in '64 and '65, an officer was thought to be too fond of his bomb-proof, when the mortar shells were in the air. One day, there being a lull in the storm of

shot and shell, a fatigue party was sent out to work on the trenches with their sentries to give notice of the approach of a dangerous visitor, by the cry "look-out, a shell!" Our hero took advantage of the quiet to make a regular spread-eagle speech to his men. Now the rebel soldiers had a great contempt for speechifying. They had heard many eloquent, thrilling speeches before the war, but some how or another, the orators had nearly all stayed at home. Hence the universal belief with them was that a good war-talker was a poor fighter. The working party, then, listened impatiently to the fiery appeals made to their courage and patriotism, without ever deigning to stop the regular ply of spade and shovel. Human endurance had been tested to the utmost when a low conversation began between John L. and Tom B.—"Aint you getting sick Tom?" "Yes, powerful, let us make him dry up." "Agreed." John L. turned his face to the sky and cried in tones of the greatest alarm "look-out, a shell!" The word "liberty" was in the mouth of the eloquent speaker, but it was only half uttered, when a hasty bound placed him safe in the bomb-proof. The *shell* did not explode, but a whole Brigade of *laughter* did and so loud and so animated that the Yankees thought that it was the old rebel shout before a charge. We take it for granted that Tom B. was never made sick in that precise way again.

The red-breeches of the Zouaves made quite an impression upon our men at the outset of the war and their application of the word "red-breeches" was often ludicrous enough. But probably no more singular use of it was made than we once heard on a night visit to the trenches at Petersburg occupied by a N. Carolina Brigade. The enemy was keeping up a slow mortar firing and the shells with their burning fuses were making parabolas in the air, very beautiful to behold at a distance. As one of these fiery messengers was burning and creaking in the sky, the sentinel on the look-out gave the warning cry in long drawling tones "here-comes-one-of them-red-breeches-devils-again." The crash that accompanied the last word announced the arrival of the aerial Zouave.

When Gen. Butler was "bottled up" in Bermuda Hundreds on the 20th May, 1864, no troops were more expert in the bottling up process than Gen. ———'s, N. C. Brigade, who on that day gloriously commemorated the 89th Anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. As soon as Butler's rifle-pits had been taken, Gen. ———, who had greatly distinguished himself by his skill and gallantry put his men to work to intrench the new position. The Gen. wore a white straw hat and as he was greatly exposed while laying off the line of work, the frequent whizzing of minnies by his ears announced that his head-gear was the target for the sharp-shooters from the opposite intrenchments. His watchful and anxious men were not slow to perceive the danger of their leader and its cause and they earnestly entreated him to take off the too conspicuous "panama." He complied with their wishes, but unfortunately there was only a smooth surface on the crown, "where the hair ought to grow," (as says the touching song) and the increased vehemence of the fire showed that the reflection of the suns rays from the polished cranium was guiding the deadly rifle with alarming precision. An old man devotedly attached to his chief saw and understood the critical situation and unable to restrain himself, he went up to the General and said, "put on your hat again, General, it only makes it worser, *its all shiny on top like a looking-glass.*"

A General Officer had gained quite an unenviable notoriety for *bucking* marauders and stragglers. This was a very common punishment in the old U. S. Army during the Mexican war, and consists in seating the offender upon the ground, tying his hands together by the wrists, drawing them over his knees and thrusting a stick under his knees so as to rest tightly upon the hollows of the arms just opposite the elbows. A man thus tied is in a most painfully constrained position, and the punishment is sufficiently severe without being attended with dangerous consequences. One morning as the troops were filing out of camp, this officer attempted to leap his horse over a wide ditch, but the opposite bank gave way and the horse was thus thrown upon his haunches in the mud and slime of an unusually filthy ditch. The animal was extricated at length, but his tail and hind-quarters were smeared all over. However, there was no help for it and the officer rode on to get to the head of the column, but he heard from one end of the line to the other, "look there!—the old fellow has been bucking his horse as I'm a sinner!"

THE GEORGIAN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

A South Carolina Chaplain furnishes the incident below, which is related in his own words.

During the seige of Fort Sumter, the point upon which the fire of the enemy was poured, varied from day to day, and the danger to the members of the garrison varied accordingly. On the day of my story, the sea face had been undergoing very severe treatment; and the shells that were paring it down, and the masses of brick and mortar hurled from their bed, flew thick and incessant over all the open space within. Places for cooking under shelter had been provided for the men, and they had been forbidden to cook upon the parade-ground. But the dislike of the darkness and crowd and heated atmosphere was so great, that the tough boys of the 12th Georgia Battery were continually breaking bounds, and running a risk of which they seemed insensible, but which lookers-on saw to be frightful.

One old man started across the said open space, frying pan in hand, to establish himself and his kitchen in a favorite corner; a parrot shell, just grazing the wall, rushed by and dashed his pan to atoms. "Look-a-thar, now!" was his only comment; and he trudged back, got another pan, and started again. This time, the shell flying over his head, buried itself in the debris in front of him, and exploded—heaving out a perfect hailstorm of bricks, masses of mortar, pieces of broken guns or carriages; in a word, *wreck* of every description. When the "the thick cloud passed," there stood the old Georgian, unharmed, but nonplussed; his frying pan utterly demolished. "Wall, if *that's* the way you're gwine to sarve a feller, I mought just as well quit!" I believe he did "quit."

SIX NAMELESS HEROES.

It is said that on six different occasions, when the trenches of Petersburg were subjected to mortar fire, men were found to seize loaded shells and throw them over the work, and thus render them harmless at a risk to themselves one shuddered to think of. I

have never been able to learn the name of even one of them. I have heard, however, that *one* such case occurred in the British army in the Crimea, and the gallant fellow was promoted on the spot. Cannot those six names be recovered?

A NAME WORTH RECORDING.

No man who took part in the closing defence of battery Wagner will ever forget its two last days, Sept. 5th and 6th, 1863. The physical exhaustion, the dark bomb-proofs and their precarious condition, the terrible foul air, reeking of blood and death, the groans of men delirious and dying were fitted to shake the stoutest nerves. There were men, however, who never quailed: as, for instance—

One of the Columbiads was dismounted by a shot, while loaded. It was thrown completely over by the blow, lay pointing at the door of the magazine; *and the carriage took fire.* The smoke being seen, the enemy at once concentrated their fire there, to prevent its being extinguished, and drove away the surviving men from the gun. Two officers, seeing the extremity, rushed up to try and prevent the explosion. Water, of course, could not be had, and they fought the fire with sand, but soon found they must have help or fail. They called for volunteers, but at first in vain; the complication of perils was too appalling: until *Private McConnel*, Co. C. 25th S. C. V., heard how things stood. He immediately ran to their assistance, got the fire under, and saved the garrison and the Fort. For this gallant deed he was formally thanked by the commander of the Fort, and the officer commanding his regiment.

We were once winess to a remarkable piece of coolness in Virginia. A six gun battery was shelling the woods furiously near which stood an humble hut. As we rode by the shells were fortunately too high to strike the building, but this might occur any moment by lowering the angle or shortening the fire. The husband was away, probably far off in the Army, but the good house-wife was busy at the wash-tub regardless of all the roar and crash of shells and falling timber. Our surprise at her coolness was lost in greater amazement at observing three children, the oldest not more than ten, on top of a fence watching with great interest the flight of the shells. Our curiosity was so much excited by the extraordinary spectacle that we could not refrain from stopping and asking the children, if they were not afraid. "Oh no," replied they, "the Yankees aint shooting at us, they are shooting at the soldiers!"

From an officer of Humphrey's old Brigade of Mississippians we received during the war, the incident below showing the appreciation of the Mississippi boys for the gallant youths, who kept out of the Army.

The Brigade was at a halt by the road-side with stacked arms, when a *nice* young man rode by well-mounted and well-dressed.—He was instantly greeted by a hundred voices each charging him with using some of the many tricks, by which, under the exemptions of the Conscript Bill, the Government was cheated out of soldiers. "He's a twenty-nigger chap," cried one. "No, he looks too poor for that, he's the overseer," cried another. "He's a potash biler." "Wrong there, Jim, he's been poking around camp picking up old hides to soak in a tan yard." "Maybe, he's a magistrate, take off your hats, boys, to the *squire*." "Hallo, Mister,"

shouts a bare-foot lad, "have you got a contract for shoeing soldiers?" "He gave a bale of cotton to the conscript officer."—"Nary a bale, he bribed the fellow, with his mammy's old settin' turkey hen." "Mister can you click them things in the telegraphy office." "Send Susie Ann a lock of my hair over them thar wires." Our young hero with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils showed, by boldly challenging the whole Brigade to single combat, that other motives than fear had kept him from the battle-field.—Thereupon, young —— stepped out and with a polite bow asked pardon for the rudeness of the Brigade, "the boys will have a little fun, but they mean nothing by it, they have been long away from civilized society, roughing it in camp,—hope that you will pardon them, stranger, since they are true soldiers, fighting for our beloved country; tis not often they do such outrageous things." The citizen much mollified answered courteously, "well I suppose that I was foolish for getting mad at their jokes, and I am glad to hear that they do not often play such tricks upon inoffensive travellers." "Very seldom indeed," replied the polite soldier with a bland smile, "never indeed to my certain knowledge unless some cussed fool comes riding along, and then they cant help it, you know."

Our informant did not tell us what comfort was afforded by the last consolatory remark, but we think it probable that the youthful warrior never passed Humphrey's Brigade again.

MISTAKEN SYMPATHY, OR MISTAKEN FIGURES.

Col. T., who fell fighting gallantly at the first battle of Manassas, related an incident, which occurred at a reception given to some Indian Chiefs in the principal city of his native State, as a remarkable instance of mistaken sympathy. A romantic young lady, whose mind was deeply imbued with reading the "Sorrows of Werter," and other novels of the exquisitely sentimental school, approached a stalwart savage, whose sombre visage indicated suffering of some kind, and addressed him thus: "Why droops the eagle eye of the forest chief? Is he brooding over the wrongs of his race? Does the memory of the red warrior revert to the past, when his proud ancestors roamed through the mighty forests and enjoyed the primeval glories of nature, now so sadly marred by the axe and plough of the unsympathizing rustic?"

The answer of the forest chief with the drooping eagle eye was a little startling to her refined sensibility. "No! white man gib Injun too much whiskalee. Injun big drunk last night; Injun sick; bye-bye Injun puke; Injun well again—ugh."

We have read a great deal of the cruelty inflicted upon the slaves of the South. This, it is alleged has driven multitudes of male slaves into insanity and suicide; and in case of females, has produced blindness, deaf and dumbness, idiocy and deformity in their offspring. If this allegation be true, we of the South ought to repent in dust and ashes; we ought to humble ourselves before God and to implore Him to avert from us as a people the calamities which

our oppression has so richly deserved. If the charge be not true, we ought to be allowed to justify ourselves before the whole universe. Nor ought the efforts at self justification to be construed into an act of disloyalty, and an attempt to incite rebellion. But that there may be no reason to suspect us of anything naughty, we will confine ourselves to extracts from a loyal book, the "Preliminary Report of the Eighth Census," edited by a thoroughly loyal man, Jos. G. Kennedy, Esq., under the direction of the thoroughly loyal Secretary of the Interior, Caleb B. Smith, Esq.; printed by the order of a thoroughly loyal and rebel-hating Congress, within sight of the loyal Capitol of the "best Government the world ever saw." We have from this loyal and very valuable book compiled a table showing the population of the six New England States, and of twelve Southern States lately in rebellion against the Government aforesaid. We have excluded Delaware, Kentucky and Missouri because they have not been so specially the subjects of the charges which we are endeavoring to controvert.—We have included Maryland, though not represented in the deceased Government of the so-called Confederate States, because from her geographical position and connection with these States, she was peculiarly identified with them:

	POPULATION.			INSANE.	
STATES.	FREE.	SLAVES.	AG'GATE.	FREE.	SLAVES.
Massachusetts,	1,231,066	None.	1,231,066	2,105	
Connecticut,	460,147	None.	460,147	281	
Rhode Island,	174,620	None.	174,620	288	
Vermont,	315,098	None.	315,098	693	
New Hampshire,	326,073	None.	326,073	506	
Maine,	628,279	None.	628,279	704	
	3,135,283		3,135,283	4,577	
Maryland,	590,860	87,189	687,049	546	14
Virginia,	1,105,453	490,865	1,596,318	1,121	58
North Carolina,	661,563	331,059	992,622	597	63
South Carolina,	301,302	402,406	703,708	299	18
Georgia,	595,088	462,198	1,057,286	447	44
Florida,	78,680	61,745	140,425	20	5
Alabama,	529,121	435,080	964,201	225	32
Mississippi,	354,674	436,631	791,305	236	36
Louisiana,	376,276	331,726	708,002	132	37
Tennessee,	834,082	275,719	1,109,801	612	28
Arkansas,	324,335	111,115	435,450	82	5
Texas,	421,649	182,566	604,215	112	13
	6,182,083	3,608,299	9,790,382	4,429	353

These figures, drawn from loyal sources, show that while the slaves in the twelve States enumerated above exceed the population of New England by near 500,000 they have 4,224 fewer cases of insanity; or in other words, the Eastern States, with a half million less of population, have nearly thirteen times as much insanity. They show, moreover, that godly, learned, rich and free Massachusetts, with her religion to calm the troubled mind and soothe the perturbed spirit, her stores of learning to please and

divert from melancholy, her freedom to protect from the maddening influence of oppression, has, nevertheless, six-fold more madness in it, than is found among the down-trodden slaves in these twelve States, though it has only about one third the number of inhabitants. But the comparison is still more unfavorable to Massachusetts if we come to the Cotton States, which have been the special objects of denunciation. Thus Massachusetts has one stark raving mad man or woman for every 584 inhabitants, but among the negroes of South Carolina there is only one case of insanity for every 22,356 slave inhabitants; in Florida one for every 12,349 slave inhabitants; in Arkansas one for every 22,223 slave inhabitants.—So that the virtuous, upright and intelligent freemen of Massachusetts are shown by this most unimpeachable authority to be 21 1-7 times crazier than the negroes of Florida, 38 1-19 times crazier than the negroes of Arkansas, and 38⅓ times crazier than the negroes of South Carolina. We use the word crazier in a strictly *statistical* sense, and mean thereby simply a greater tendency to run wild, to become mad, to act foolishly.

Vermont is in a still worse condition than Massachusetts, having actually one maniac out of every 455 inhabitants!! But as the distinguished Senator from the latter State has made the assault upon the South, which we are combatting by facts and figures, we have given his representatives alone the comparison with the negroes of the South.

Again, if we will compare the free population, both North and South, with the slave, we will find a far greater proportional insanity among the former than among the latter. Thus, New York, with her 3,880,735 free inhabitants, has 4,317 insane persons, or one for 899; Pennsylvania, with 2,906,115, has 2,766, or one for 1,050; Ohio, with 2,339,511, has 2,293 or one for 1,020; California, with 379,994, has 456, or one for 833. Virginia has one case for every 986 free persons.—South Carolina one for every 1,093 free persons. Minnesota and Kansas are more exempt from this dreadful calamity than any of the States of the Union, but even they are more subject to it than are generally the negroes of the Cotton States. Minnesota, out of a population of 173,855, reports 25 cases of madness, or one to 6,954. Kansas, out of 107,206 inhabitants reports 10 cases, or one to every 10,720.

Let us place side by side the six New England States and the negroes in the six extreme Cotton States. Connecticut has one case in every 1,637 inhabitants; Maine one in 892; New Hampshire one in 644; Rhode Island one in 607; Massachusetts one in 584, and Vermont one in 455. Florida, on the other hand, has a ratio of one crazy negro out of every 12,349 slave inhabitants; Alabama one to every 13,596 slave inhabitants; Mississippi one to every 12,129 slave inhabitants; Louisiana one to every 8,965 slave inhabitants; Arkansas one to every 22,223 slave inhabitants, and Texas one to every 14,043. South Carolina, as we have seen, one in every 22,356 slave inhabitants.

It is remarkable that South Carolina, the largest slave-holding State, relatively, has a smaller ratio of insanity among the negroes than is to be found any where in the U. S., either among whites or blacks. So rare is this malady among the negroes at the South that we never have known a single case of it in our own personal knowledge, although we have passed two-thirds of the allotted period to man's existence of three score years and ten. Few of our oldest inhabitants have ever seen two crazy negroes in the whole period of their lives.

A comparsion of insanity among the free persons of the same six extreme Cotton States, with New England, will show the influence of the fun-loving, frolicksome negro, upon those by whom he is surrounded. Florida reports one case in 3,934 inhabitants; Alabama one in 2,351; Mississippi one in 1,503; Louisiana one in 2,851; Texas one in 3,765; Arkansas one in 3,955.

Mr. Supt. Kennedy has shown New England to be the craziest section of the United States, and Vermont and Massachusetts to be the craziest portion of the craziest section. [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.]

If we next examine the statistics of suicides, we will see that Massachusetts has the pre-eminence in this department of human enterprise. Mr. Kennedy reports 110 cases of suicide in this highly moral State in his Report of 1860; 30 in Connecticut, 31 in New Hampshire, 14 in Rhode Island, 21 in Vermont, and 33 in Maine. Among the Southern States, he reports 15 in Maryland, 31 in Virginia, 15 in North Carolina, 8 in South Carolina, 21 in Georgia, 4 in Florida, 21 in Alabama, 21 in Mississippi, 21 in Louisiana, 30 in Tennessee, 3 in Arkansas, and 30 in Texas.

We regret that the report does not discriminate between the whites and the slaves of the South, for then it would be seen that all the cases belong to the former class.

We most emphatically affirm that we never knew or heard of a single case of suicide among the slaves of the South. But the Report, as it is, will answer our purpose.

By looking back at the table, it will be seen that Connecticut and Arkansas are nearer to each other in point of population than any two States, one North and the other South. But Connecticut has 31 suicides and Arkansas but 3—ten times fewer. We have not a particle of doubt, moreover, that these three cases were of whites.

South Carolina, Arkansas and Florida added together give 1,279,583 or 48,517 more inhabitants than Massachusetts; but this pious and cultivated State with this deficiency in her number of inhabitants reports 95 more cases of suicide; in other words, she excels the other three States in a sevenfold ratio; and we cheerfully accord to her the praise due to her superior energy. Connecticut and New Hampshire each reports as many cases as Virginia, but Virginia has 3½ times the population of the former, and 4¾ times that of the latter, and is therefore beaten by them in that business, in the same ratio.

Vermont reports as many cases as Mississippi, but Mississippi has more than twice as many inhabitants. Maine reports as many as North Carolina, Arkansas and Maryland all three combined with a population of 2,115,121—i. e. 3½ greater than that of Maine. Vermont reports as many sucides as Georgia, but Georgia has 3¼ times more people within her borders.—Rhode Island is nearer to Florida in point of population than to any other Southern State, but in Rhode Island one out of 12,473 commits suicide, while in Florida the ratio is one to 35,106.

But it is said that comparisons are odious, and we have no disposition to extend these figures. We have taken up each of the New England States and compared it with one of its sinful sisters, and have let the figures tell their own tale. But as Mr. Sumner is specially virulent towards South Carolina, owing probably to his having been compelled on one occasion to chastise a gentleman from that State for offensive language used in debate, it may be not out of place to compare poor South Carolina, with the curse of slavery upon her, with his own glorious

State, which contains that venerable Rock upon which Liberty leaped when she first touched the American shore in her flight from a foreign land—that wonderful Cradle in which her first born was rocked—and that splendid Monument which commemorates the exploits of her heroic dead.

These reliable statistics of Mr. Supt. Kennedy show that one man or woman out of every 11,191 in the free, enlightened and godly State of Massachutetts cuts his or her throat, blows out his or her brains, lays his or her body across a railroad track, pours poison down his or her throat, or in some other way shows his or her determination to live no longer in the State of the Rock, the Cradle and the Monument. But in wicked South Carolina, the ratio is only one to 87,963! In Louisiana, where the poet has so touchingly said that "the sweet of the sugar has been made bitter by the sweat of the slave," the ratio is only one to 33,714; while in Arkansas, right in the heart of the Cotton States, it is only one to 145,150.—[See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.]

We were never dabblers in politics, and do not mean to meddle now, but it seems to us that the Administration party North are too bitter towards Massachusetts, on account of her national policy, which they call suicidal—striking at the life of the nation.

Now all the world knows that men usually execute publicly the plans and designs formed at home. Why then blame Massachusetts for carrying her domestic policy into the councils of the *nation?*—The censure is manifestly unreasonable. Besides the most enlarged charity should be exercised towards the State that has one mad man or woman for every 584 inhabitants. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," what a fermentation must such a big pile make! [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery]

But we are not discussing moral or political questions. We are examining the statistics to see whether the slaves have been driven into suicide, as alleged.—We have seen that 240 cases were reported from the six New England States and but 220 from twelve slave States, with a population more than three times greater.

Now we do not believe that one-tenth of these 220 cases occurred with negroes. Ask the oldest inhabitant you meet, if he ever knew of two well-authenticated cases among the negroes in his own country. We think but few can reply in the affirmative.—Moreover, we see again the influence of the mirth, jollity and light-heartedness of the negro reacting upon his master, and removing that gloom which is the precursor of insanity and suicide. The States which have the fewest negroes relatively to the white population report relatively the greatest number of suicides. Thus Maryland has nearly twice as many cases as South Carolina, but South Carolina has the largest slave population, having 315,217 more slaves than Maryland.

In fact, South Carolina, which has an excess of slaves over freemen, has a smaller proportion of suicides than any State in the Union except Arkansas. Mississippi, the only other Southern State in which the slaves out numbered the whites has 9 fewer cases than Texas, a small slave-holding State relatively; although it has 187,090 more inhabitants than Texas.

Compare in like manner Tennessee with Georgia—States whose aggregate population is nearly the same; North Carolina with Virginia, &c. The general law will be found to be as above, though Arkansas forms an exception.

Next let us examine the statistics of blindness as found on page 44. We there find it stated that the proportion of blind slaves to all other slaves is one to every 2,616, and that the proportion of blind to the whole population is one in 2,470. The slaves then are thus shown to be far less subject to blindness than the free population. But the following table will set that forth more clearly:

STATES.	FREE BLIND.	SLAVES BLIND.	STATES.	FREE BLIND.
Maryland,	264	34	Massachusetts,	498
Virginia,	557	232		
North Carolina,	392	189	Connecticut,	152
South Carolina,	171	120		
Georgia,	297	188	Rhode Island,	85
Florida,	15	21		
Alabama,	204	114	New Hampshire,	142
Mississippi,	147	116		
Louisiana,	112	118	Vermont,	165
Tennessee,	437	117		
Arkansas,	118	26	Maine.	123
Texas.	119	31		1275
	2833	1306		

Now by dividing the number of slaves in these twelve States—3,608,299 by 1,306—the quotient will be 2,763: and by dividing the number of inhabitants in the New England States—3,135,283 by 1,275, the quotient will be 2,459.—So then the sharp-sighted downeaster is more subject to blindness than the mal-treated slave; there is one blind person for every 2,459 inhabitants in New Englnad, while only one among 2,763 slaves.

These statistics are the more remarkable in as much as ninety-nine out of every hundred of the slaves were engaged in agriculture; and this has been found to be unfavorable to vision. Mr. Kennedy tells us that "a larger proportion of blind persons is found to exist in the agricultural districts of Great Britain than in the manufacturing and mining districts and large cities." It may be interesting to compare the above figures with the statistics of Great Britain. In England and Wales, the proportion of blind persons to the rest of the population is one in 979; in Scotland one in 960; in Ireland one in 878. Total in Great Britain and Ireland one in 950. The wealthy and highly favored subjects of her majesty are nearly three times as liable to blindness as the poor slaves of the South, and this too notwithstanding the fact that the latte were engaged almost exclusively in agricultural pursuits. [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.

Now let us examine the matter of deaf-muteness. The most recent reports from Europe give an average of one deaf-mute to every 1,311 inhabitants. In the free population of the United States, the ratio is one in 1,925; but among the slave population, it is only one in 4,900. The free population is therefore more than 2½ times as subject to this malady as the slaves. But the figures are still more remarkable, if we go to the Cotton States, where the slaves are more numerous and where there is a smaller infusion of white blood.

The States South of North Carolina report but one case among 6,920 slaves. We thus see that the free inhabitants of Europe are 5¼ times more subject to deaf-

mutism than the poor slaves of the South. [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.]

We will next look at the statistics of idiocy and will institute a comparison between the negroes in six cottton States and the free population in six New England States, which claim (and we will not dispute the claim) to be the most intellectual portion of the whole United States.

STATES.	POPULATION.	NO. OF IDIOTIC.	PROPORTION OF
Massachusetts,	1,231,066	712	1 in 1,729
Connecticut,	460,147	226	1 " 2,036
Rhode Island,	174,620	101	1 " 1,728
New Hampshire,	326,073	336	1 " 970
Vermont,	315,098	263	1 " 1,198
Maine.	628,279	658	1 " 954
Total.	3,135,283	2296	1 " 1,365

	SLAVE POP.	NO. OF IDIOTIC	PROPORTION OF
South Carolina,	402,406	121	1 in 3,325
Georgia,	462,198	183	1 " 2,525
Florida,	61,745	16	1 " 3,859
Alabama,	435,080	134	1 " 3,246
Mississippi,	436,631	76	1 " 5,745
Louisiana.	331,726	104	1 " 3,189
Total.	2,129,786	634	1 " 3,359

This table shows that the tendency to idiocy is nearly three times as great in New England as in the six cotton States named above. In fact, every comparison between the ignorant man in bonds and the intelligent man of New England has been unfavorable to the latter. [See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.] In the whole United States, there were in 1860, 18,865 idiotic persons or 1 in every 1,666 of all the inhabitants, free and slave. But the ratio of the slave population exclusively was one in 2,503. And here again we observe a more favorable condition of things in the cotton States. In Georgia, it was one to 2,525; in Alabama one to 3,246; in South Carolina one to 3,325; in Louisiana one to 3,189; in Florida one to 3,859; in Arkansas one to 4,629; in Texas one to 4933; in Mississippi one to 5,745. But in Maryland the ratio is as low as one in 1,406; in Virginia one in 2,293; in Tennessee one in 1,850; in Kentucky one in 1,454; in Missouri one in 1,824, and North Carolina as low as one in 1,373.

Now it is very strange that the great cruelty alleged to have existed at the South did not drive the poor negro to suicide and insanity. It is strange that it did not produce deformity, blindness, idiocy and deaf-muteness in his offspring.

A long course of ill-treatment and ill-feeding will dwarf the size and impair the strength of a race. But where is there such a specimen of the physical man as was once to be found on the slave plantations of the South? The Irish are reckoned the strongest men in Europe, but they are deficient in strength and endurance compared with the negro. Some fifteen years ago, a hundred Irish ditchers were employed on the James River and Kanawha Canal and at the same time a hundred negro-men, "field hands," not accustomed to ditching, were set to labor with them. A rivalry

sprang up between the parties, and they did their utmost to excel one another. But it was soon seen that the untrained negroes could do far more work than the Irish. No one, who has seen the stevedores of Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans lifting or carrying burdens, will believe that they have sprung from a half-starved and ill-used race. The fact is the negro was the best-fed, the best-clothed, the best-cared for and the least-worked laborer on the globe. Our sins in regard to him (and they were many) were rather sins of omission than of positive transgression.

His physical wants were well supplied, but his moral condition was neglected. On the large plantations, the master was satisfied to entrust the immortal interests of his slaves to his Chaplain, while he gave his personal attention to their food, raiment and shelter. On the smaller farms, the pious head of the family neglected to gather his negroes with his children around the family altar.—The Lord commended Abraham for caring for the spiritual condition of his whole family, bond and free. "For I know him that he will *command* his *children* and his *household* after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment."

We claimed for slavery that it was a patriarchal institution, but it was only so where the religious duties of the slave were as strictly enforced as were his secular duties. Since we failed to come up to the full measure of our obligation, we have been punished for our neglect. Nor do we believe that our people are relieved from that obligation now. We fear that the days of happiness and peace for the poor negro are over forever. In passing through Georgia and the two Carolinas, during the Christmas holidays, we missed the fun and frolic which had so universally prevailed at that season in times past. We missed the loud laugh, the merry faces, the banjos, the fiddles and the dancing. A careless, unthinking, unreflecting race, never accustomed to taking thought for the morrow were suddenly called upon to attend to their own wants and make provision for the future. The mental effort has been too great for those wholly unused to exercise their minds: and their haggard, care-worn countenances betray the over-exertion. The man, unhabituated to work with his own hands, sinks under the task which the day-laborer would regard as a trifle. And so thought for the future has proved too heavy a burden for the freedmen. This element of unhappiness has been but little commented upon, though it has been so prolific of suffering and death. We rejoice that our people feel the truest pity for the unfortunate creature, and as far as their own prostrate condition will permit, are ready to lend him a helping hand. We are more hopeful too than many in regard to the future of the negro. There is no reason that he should disappear as did the Indian, who once roamed over our land. He is surrounded by friends, who have cared and provided for him from his cradle. The Indian was engirdled by enemies. Nor need he relapse into barbarism, like the negro of the West India Islands. Neglectful as we have been of our Christian obligations, the negroes among us have generally been taught the plan of salvation and the great cardinal truths of religion. They are generally, too, outnumbered by the whites and are therefore under better influences than those, who have so sadly deteriorated. We trust, therefore, that the future is not so fraught with ruin to the colored race, as many of our wisest and most far-seeing men suppose. But however that may be, it is the duty as well as the policy of the South to stimulate,

encourage and cheer all who are disposed to earn honest livelihoods. And we are confident that the great mass of our population recognize these truths and act upon them.

In conclusion, we would briefly notice a positive transgression charged against the South—the separation of husbands and wives. This is certainly a great and grievous sin. But there has been far less of it than generally supposed, and seldom indeed without extenuating circumstances. Debt on the part of the master, ill-doing on the part of the slave, or removal to another locality have usually been the cause of this evil.—Besides, there is less sensibility on this subject with negroes than is generally supposed by those unacquainted with them. If a husband had a good home with a kind master, he would generally not choose to follow his wife belonging to a different master, should the last named move away to some other section.

Some years ago, a servant of Col. M——, of Yorkville, South Carolina, refused to follow his wife and ten children to a different State, saying that he had a good home where he was and he did not know what might befall him after he had abandoned it. Col. M—— offered him some pocket money and a mule to ride, but all in vain. And so we have known a wife refuse to leave her mistress to go with her husband.

In our own observation, we have never known a solitary case of separation for the sake of a good bargain—the mere greed of gain. Such an act would have been as thoroughly execrated in this section as in any part of the world.

But what has struck us with astonishment in this matter is that this particular charge against the South should have been brought by the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts.

In looking over the files of that loyal newspaper, the New York *Observer*, the other day we came across the following paragraph.

DIVORCE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

About sixteen hundred divorces have been decreed in Massachusetts in six years, of which 584 were for desertion, 553 for criminal conduct, 132 for cruelty, and 142 from other causes. It is known that 1,316 were decreed in five years that ended May 1, 1865, and at the same rate, during the last eleven months, it may be assumed that the grand total is not far from 1,600.

We find this item afloat in the papers. It is probably prepared from official sources. If so, it is a sad and fearful comment upon the state of things. It is nearly five a week, from year to year.—And this does not include those cases of separation which are the result of mutual agreement to disagree, when the wife or husband takes the law into her or his own hands, and *departs*. This is the plan recommended by some of our strong-minded women as the proper remedy.

In divorces and adultery, Massachusetts is again ahead of all the states of the Union. Poor, wicked South Carolina is far, far behind. Since the first organization of her State government in 1776, there has never been a single divorce granted.

Now all these 1,600 separations were voluntary, for Massachusetts is a free State. We do not believe that there have been that many *constrained* partings of negro husbands and wives in the same period in any one of the Southern States.

Nor would it be extravagant to say that there has not been that number in fifty years in any Southern State from the mere motive of gain on the part of the master.

We know full well the stereotyped answer to the facts and fig-

ures given above. The Massachusetts special pleader replies that insanity is a mark of mental activity—that the prevalence of madness is the true measure of intellectual culture. "Boston is the Athens of America," therefore Boston is very crazy. Massachusetts is the Publishing House of the United States, therefore Massachusetts is full of madness. The beasts of the field do not run mad, they have too little brains. The wild man of America and the savage of Africa do not become deranged, their mental development is too low. Very well, let your proposition be admitted to be true. It is not because the Southern negro has been treated kindly you say that he does not run mad and cut his throat; it is not because of his freedom from care for to-day and from anxiety for to-morrow; but because his intellect is too feeble for insanity. He is too much of a beast, too much of a savage to have sense enough to become crazy. His mind has not been stirred up enough, by your exciting books, and your raving lecturers to be prepared for madness. Is this beast and savage then with his low grade of intelligence prepared to become a citizen of these United States? Is he prepared for the privilege of the elective franchise? Is he prepared to decide upon questions involving the rights, property and destiny of millions of intelligent, educated and refined white men and women?

The statistics of insanity in Great Britain show the domestics of the family, the "governesses," and "servants of all work," to be more subject to this awful visitation of heaven than any other class. Of the 400,000 "servants of all work" in Great Britain exclusive of Ireland, but few have been known to find an ultimate refuge in the Poor-House. The Lunatic Asylum had afforded that melancholy protection. Uncertainty about the future, incessant drudgery, little time allowed to meals, late hours at night and early in the morning, petulance, ill-temper and scolding on the part of employers—all these causes combined to produce a fearful prevalence of insanity among these unfortunates. The freedom from disease among the domestics of the South would seem naturally to prove freedom from the causes, which have produced it among the domestics of Great Britain. If so, the "Barbarism of Slavery" is demonstrated to be a stupendous libel upon Southern masters.

If the other view, however, be the correct one that the negro is too much of an idiot to become a madman; then he is not fit to be a voter. It matters not which horn of the dilemma, the Jacobin may take. The first proves him to be a slanderer; the second, to be as little qualified to be a statesman as the negro is to be a voter.

The amazing amount of suicides in Massachusetts is attributed to the same causes, the constant strain upon the mind of that highly intellectual people. The overworked brain produces gloom, misanthropy and hatred of life. If that be so, 'tis a melancholy comment upon human learning. 'Tis a poor recommendation to mental culture; at least, after the Massachusetts pattern. It is a strange philanthropy, which seeks to force the same sort of education upon others. It is, probably, a mistaken benevolence to propagate among the poor negroes of the South, an awful malady almost unknown among them hitherto.—Let this cerebral excitement be confined to Massachusetts. In view of the fruits which it yields, we fear that there are people in every State of the Union, who would not be sorry to see it carried to the highest point provided it never go beyond the borders of that highly cultivated State. For our own part, we deplore both

cause and effect. Nor do we believe that the true reason has been assigned for the condition of things in Massachusetts. No amount of *healthy* mental activity will produce insanity and aversion to life. The mind of the redeemed will be expanding ceaselessly throughout eternity, and next to its enjoyment of the presence of Deity will be its delights in its own tireless energy. Unnatural lust for gain, disapointed hopes, thwarted ambition, morbid philanthropy and sickly sentimentalism are and have been in every age the exciting agents in the production of madness and self-destruction. If the mind be nobly employed, the greater its activity, the greater will be the happiness of the man. The perversion of intellect with its fearful train of evils claims the sincere pity even of those, who have been most bitterly maligned.

Before the writer became an Union man, he had a very warm feeling for Massachusetts. In the days of his rebellious proclivities, he remembered that the first standard of revolt against the Government was raised in 1786 by one Daniel Shays of Massachusetts. Before his views on the subject of secession were changed by the Union artillery and musketry of the Middle and Western States he remembered with grateful emotions that the Legislature of Massachusetts had been the very first to use the word "secede," and that one of her distinguished Senators was the author of the celebrated saying "let the Union slide." Now as the scent of the roses will still hang around the broken vase, so a tender regard for Massachusetts will still hang about the broken down rebel. Out of the fullness of the sweet memories of the past, we would venture to give a few hints to the great and good Senator from Massachusetts, the author of that kind, christian and charitable pamphlet, "The Barbarism of Slavery." It is a free-will offering on our part and no constrained oblation and will doubtless, therefore, be more grateful to his refined sensibilities. Mr. Supt. Kennedy has shown, revered sir, your State to abound in the ills, which you so much deplore among the negroes and that it is addicted, moreover, to adultery, divorce and suicides. These may be small evils, but still they *are* evils and might excite some emotion in your large heart. Would it not be well to turn your mighty intellect to correcting these minor troubles, before you attempt to reform the world? "He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much." But it is a precedent condition to his faithfulness in great matters that he should be faithful in the small and the insignificant. May it not be reasonably expected that you will remove the few impurities around your own homestead, before you attempt to cleanse the Augean stables in the eleven disloyal States? Sydney Smith defines benevolence to be the feeling, which prompts A. to urge B. to relieve C. And some one has said that godly repentance in your philanthropic State consists in mourning for other people's sins. The phrase "great heart of humanity" is said to have originated in the same locality and to mean a stomach nauseated on account of the mis-deeds of our neighbors. Now although this unhappy war has somewhat estranged our section from yours yet the South cannot forget that your people were the original authors of the slave trade, of armed rebellion against the U. S. Government, and of the doctrine of secession. She cannot forget that your own favorite and distinguished hero, the laurel-crowned victor of Bethel and Fort Fisher, the first man to leap on shore under the rebel batteries at Hatteras, voted in the Charleston Convention constantly and persistently for our own Mr. Davis, as President of the United States.—

The many bonds of union, thus established long ago between the rebellious South and your own great and glorious State, still leave behind enough of kindly feeling to prompt the wish that you may one day be relieved of the qualmishness of stomach above alluded to in the same manner as Col. T's Indian Chief. And when you begin to feel better, and before you have gained strength enough to pull the big beam of sin out of our eyes, may you employ your convalescence, in delicately removing the little, wee, tiny, monadic mote of error from your own.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

A welcome to thy minstrel skill
Dear Friend of happier days:
Thy notes are sweet, but sweeter still,
The love that prompts thy lays:—
From sorrows deep, and cherished long,
Thou wouldst my thoughts unchain,
And by thy soft enchanting song
Awake a brighter train.

But vain it is thy harp to strike!
My woes thou canst not drown,
Unless the strain, Cecelia's like,
Can draw an angel down,
Until I see my daughter fair,
Lost Pleiad of my soul!
The burning tears of my despair,
Must ever, ever roll.

Nor would I, if I could, revive
From my distraction wild;
I love the grief that keeps alive,
The memory of my child;
And if my heart, by hope betrayed
Should court a vain repose,
How poorly were the fault repaid
By all that earth bestows.

The morning star that fades from sight,
Still beams upon the mind;
So doth her beauty leave the light
Of memory behind;
Tho' lost to earth, too early gone,
By others seen no more,
She is to me still shining on
And brighter than before.

The smile she wore when last we met,
The tear she shed at parting;
The kiss upon my eyelids set,
To keep my own from starting,
Like bright remember'd dreams of bliss
Are lingering with me yet;
That smile, and tear and sealing kiss
I never can forget.

And you my friend, who knew her worth,
And loved that worth to praise—
And how amidst the ills of earth,
She walked in beauty's ways—
Will not condemn the greatful tears,
The ever flowing stream,
That keeps a loveliness like hers
In memory fresh and green.

No——let me still in silence keep
My vigil o'er her tomb;
And with my tears, forever steep
The flowers that o'er it bloom;
Tho' all the world should pass it by,
A place remembered not,
'Tis meet that I should linger nigh,
And bless the hallowed spot.

The sacred love—the holy woe—
Awakened by the dead,
Are like the fragrance of the rose,
When all its bloom is fled;
And as beside the grave we stand,
The mournful thoughts that rise,
Are whispers from the spirit land,
Sweet voices from the skies.

Then leave, O leave me to my grief,
Too wedded now to part;
'Twill duly work its own relief,
By eating out the heart;
But still my daughter, pure and bright
To me shall re-appear,
My life must be a sleepless night
With no bright star to cheer.

You tell me that my grief is vain;
My child will not return;
No earthly tears can wake again,
The ashes of the urn;
You tell me too that she has gone
To regions blest and fair,
And wrong it is her loss to mourn
Since she's an angel there.

I know it all, I know it all;
Yet still with grief oppressed,
My spirit sighs for her recall,
And will not be at rest;
I cannot, cannot give her up,
I am not reconciled;
O take away the bitter cup,
And bring me back my child.

She was the last enchanting ray,
That cheered me here below;
The only star to guide my way,
Thro' this dark world of woe;
And now bereft of that sweet light,
O how shall I sustain
The shadows of the awful night
Which must with me remain!

Like him upon the rocky peak,
In wrath and vengeance dooom'd,
A victim to the vulture's beak,
To suffer unconsumed—
So I am doomed in darkness deep,
All desolate and chill,
To bear a pang that will not sleep,
A death that will not kill.

Then be it so—all silently
I'll bear the adverse weight;
But He, I hope, in yonder sky,
Who dooms me to my fate,
Will in his own good way and time
My lovely one restore:
If not on earth, in that blest clime
Where parting is no more.

I know He will, for even now,
On faith's enraptured eye,
He breaketh like His own bright bow
And speaks me from on high;
Amidst my deep despondency,
He whispers in my ear,
Thy daughter may not come to thee,
But thou canst go to her.

Enough, enough, I ask no more—
A light has flashed within;
My child from earth He bore,
To lure me on to him:
Then let Him keep the jewel bright,
O let him wear the gem:
I would not snatch so pure a light,
From his bright diadem.

The only boon, O God, I crave
Is soon thy face to see;
I long to cross the dull, cold grave,
And wing my way to Thee—
To Thee, O Lord, and all my friends
In thine eternal sphere,
Where I may make some poor amends
For all my errors here.

GEN. MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

ROSALIE.

O pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

No—never come from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss.

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play—
So thought the gentle Rosalie
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strains of him who stole
In music to her soul.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the white-washed halls,
  Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
  Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling so young and so brave!
  Wearing on his sweet pale face—
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave—
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace!

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
  Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
  Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
  Brush its wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
  Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
  Murmur a prayer soft and low—
One bright curl from its fair mate take,
  They are somebody's pride you know;
Somebody's hand had rested there;
  Was it a mother's soft and white,
Or have the lips of a sister fair
  Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best! He has somebody's love;
  Somebody's heart enshrined him there—
Somebody wafted his name above,
  Night and morn, on the wings of prayer,
Somebody wept when he marched away,
  Looking so handsome, brave and grand!
Somebody's kiss on his forhead lay—
  Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
  Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
  And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead—
  Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
  "Somebody's darling slumbers here."

DEFENCE OF THE CAVALRY.

Mr. Editor:—Will you allow a brother soldier to correct a very common misapprehension in regard to the Cavalry, to which you give utterance in the July number of your Magazine? I know that you would not intentionally make any reflection, upon any one in the Confederate service, and that you have been led into error, solely through ignorance of facts. To correct the error into which you have fallen, let me give you some facts, which will speak for themselves. In your notice of Colonel Von Borcke's memoirs you use the following language: "But the losses in the Cavalry, would at no time compare with the losses in the Artillery, still less in the Infantry. Individual brigades and divisions suffered at times heavily. But take the whole Confederate Cavalry, and place its losses by the side of an equal body of Infantry, we doubt whether it would be one fifth so great, perhaps not so much." Now I cannot speak of the whole Confederate Cavalry, as I was attached during the war to that of the A. N. Va., and of course I can only compare the losses of the latter, with those of the Infantry. But I can give you some data, as to that, from the very highest official sources. If you remember there was but *one* division of Cavalry, during the campaign of which you speak, that of 1863, when Penn. was invaded and the battle of Gettysburg was fought. The Med. Director of the Cavalry told me, that by official returns in the hands of the Med. Director of the A. N. Va., *his division had lost more in killed and wounded than any other division in the army, except one.*—When you recall the hard fighting done by the Infantry, in this severe campaign, the statement I have made proves that the Cavalry were not unworthy compeers of that glorious Infantry. One other fact and I have done. The brigade to which I belonged, Hampton's, composed of the 1st and 2d S. C., the 1st N. C., the Cobb, Jeff Davis, and Phillips Legions, had during that campaign twenty-three field officers. Of this number, *twenty one were killed or wounded*, besides Gen. Hampton, who was wounded at Gettysburg. In the last fight of this brigade, that of Aug. 1st, 1863, at Brandy Station, where they had commenced the campaign by their bloody and glorious fight of June 9th, *every field officer was wounded*, as he successively took command of the brigade. Col. Baker of N. C., first, then Col. Young, Cobb Legion, then Col. Black 1st S. C., and lastly Lt. Col. Lipscomb, 2d S. C. I cannot give you the numbers of the gallant men who were wounded fighting so well on those bloody fields, but the list was a mournfully long one. Long enough to prove that they had already "learned to do close earnest fighting, like the Infantry." I hope that some record of the services and losses of the Cav. Corps, A. N. V., will be preserved to show what this command has done and has suffered. But for the present I only give you the few facts stated above to correct the misapprehension you, in common with so many Infantry officers, entertain as to the fighting and the losses of the Cavalry.

Very respectfully,

A CAVALRY OFFICER.

MAJ. GEN. STERLING PRICE.

The greatest war of modern times has ended. The four years of war, just passed have been the most eventful in History. The genius and power displayed by the contestants in this mighty struggle, have astonished the parties engaged, and have been likewise, the amazement of the whole civilized world. The time has been great in events; great in the development of resources,—mines of wealth have been opened, almost unknown, certainly, in their vastness and depth, unknown to the possessors themselves. It has been great in the production of machinery, gunnery, and all the enginery of war, great in martial energy, strategy and prowess; great in human endurance and heroic resolve, yet far greater still, in the promotion and exhibition of the great men, it now holds aloft in historic view.

We say this great conflict has ended. The mighty hosts are disbanded. The farmer has returned to his plow; the mechanic to his workshop; the professional man and artist to his office and studio. The quiet pursuits of peace are being filled with all the energy characteristic of the people lately in war, illustrating the unexampled versatility of American character. Martial Law, with all that surveillance and oppression which ever marks such an era, has visibly disappeared. Freedom of speech, and freedom of locomotion, are restored privileges to a once bonded people. Much of the bitterness, engendered by the terrible conflict, embodying principles so antagonistic has passed away. The smoke and blaze of battle, no longer feed passion or fatten prejudice; but the honest man, the real patriot, the student of his kind, and the lover of the good and great, we opine, now desire calmly to survey the field of strife, and anatomatize its controlling spirits, willing, yea anxious, to pay justice to faithful conviction, dearest patriotism, alike in the hero, the general, or the statesman, whether he be Federal or Confederate. Who with the soul of a man, though he be the most unconditional advocate of the Union of the States, can fail to have his loftiest admiration kindled, in studying the life and characters of such men as Lee, Jackson, the Johnsons, Beauregard, the Hills, Cleburne, Forrest, and Price? For here we find Washingtonian dignity and virtue, genius, piety, science, energy, valor, dash and love of country in most eminent relief.

We purpose a review of one of the Confederate Army, Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, uniting in his single person, as we think, a strong portraiture of the three characters—hero—captain—statesman. Sterling Price was born in Sept. 1809, in Prince Edward county, Virginia, the glorious old Dominion, which has given so large a proportion of immortal names to American History. The very name of Virginia, touches the tenderest chord of sympathy in every patriot bosom; for whether we view her in the Revolution of '76, in the three quarters of a century succeeding, or in the grand drama, which has just closed, she is the same, noble, earnest, majestic, immortal. Manhood, in its loftier sense, has always been to her, more precious than sight to the eye, melody to the ear, and health and life to the sick and dying. The Union of the States, and the integrity of the Constitution, she has ever considered as the palladium of civil and religious liberty.

Yet that Union, she felt was only a Union, when the Constitution and its sacred guarantees, were inflexibly adhered to. She loved the Government our Fathers, her sons, had made, and like Cornelia pointed to it as her richest jewel. On the commencement of the difficulties inaugurating the war, even long before, her stoutest efforts were made to avert the threatened calamity. She was ever a devoted, Constitutional Union State—loving with undivided affection, yet she loved honor and her own unsullied name far better. Her favorite and ablest sons were selected to arbitrate, intervene, counsel, compromise, aye to crush the rising giant of discord. All know the result of those efforts—how puny, how futile! The great Abolition Party, with the laugh of the inebriate at the bed of death, reviled and spurned her earnest appeals for peace and adjustment. Sorrowfully, yet with the firmness of conscious rectitude, she embraced the great sisterhood of States, which with less consideration had proclaimed their Secession, and sink or swim, survive or perish, resolved to defend her ultimatum, and fight for Constitutional Right. True to those instincts and energies which had prompted her action in '76, she has always since been jealous of encroachment, and poising herself upon the guarantees of the Constitution, has demanded her rights, nothing more, nothing less. When assailed, she has always promptly met the invader, assuring him that life was only desirable, when honor was unlimited, and character was irreproachable. With plumage like the sunlight, and courage like a Cæsar, she nobly dared to do a deed, she believed Marion and Sumpter would avouch, and which even these six millions of freemen would hail and point to, as the glory of the past, as the hope of the future, as the harbinger of justice, and the unerring token of a national prosperity. She was forced into secession, by a refusal to treat, by the stiffest denial of those rights she had been used to enjoy, by the cordial junction of all her Southern allies—still revering—loving—adoring that ever memorable structure she had been so efficient in erecting. "To err is human, to forgive divine." What people, what State, what individual with similar antecedents, similar attachments, similar surroundings, amid the veriest storm of passion, which ever shackled a manly people, so tenacious of right, so allied to honor, would have taken a different path? Thou glorious mother—mother of States and statesmen—mother of the truest, the most dutiful and gifted sons and daughters, that ever blessed a parent's heart, rest undisturbed in all the solemn, yet gloomy grandeur, as that one only State unapproached and unapproachable.

> My mother! at that holy name
> Within my bosom there's a gush
> Of feeling, which no time can tame;
> A feeling, which for years of fame,
> I would not, could not crush!

We have thus alluded to Virginia, her motives and action, because Sterling Price was himself a Virginian—by birth, instinct, sympathy and education;—and because, there is just at this point a remarkable analogy between the two. He too loved his country, her institutions, her flag—all that belonged to her. He was an intense lover of the Union, and so long as that Union in its integrity existed, he stood firmly by it against all appliances whatsoever. But like Virginia—he felt that that Union had lost its soul—was a disemboweled body, a mockery of justice, and an instrument in the hands of arbitrary power.—When coercion was decided upon at Washington, he left his original stand point, as no longer tenable by an honest man. He well re-

membered that Virginia's sons, aided by Clay, Hamilton and others, in the august convention, which formed the constitution, when the doctrine was brought before its body, tabled and silenced it as unwise, preposterous, impossible. From these fountains of wisdom, he had drawn his ideas of Government and its powers, and like a proud Virginian, had planted himself immovably upon them. Our readers may not be aware, that with such filial devotion, as has been named, Gen. Price entered this contest. He became a candidate for the Constitutional Convention of Missouri from the Chariton county district, as an unyielding friend of that Union, Virginia so yearned for. In this canvass, he unreservedly, and with that ability he has always displayed, urged the most temperate and conciliatory measures, dwelling upon the virtues and glories of the Union, and praying his hearers to be cautious, and under no circumstances to endanger the liberties of the country, by the rashness of secession. He looked upon the Union then, as the Union our fathers had made—a Constitutional Union; and having faith in, and respect for it himself, felt that all Americans would feel and act as he did. It was not therefore, until he saw Virginia driven into secession, the South in revolution, the North and the administration of the country defiant, resolved against concession or compromise, and firmly bent upon military coercion, that he abandoned his first position, sacrificing home, property and peace, to battle and die, if need be, for principle and justice. Oh! that at this time, some Clay, Minerva-like, could have sprung forth, with pacificating wisdom. What blood and treasure, suffering and woe, would have been spared our distracted country!

Gen. Price received a plain English education. When quite a young man, poor but enterprising, he removed to Missouri, and settled in Howard county as a farmer, afterwards removing to Chariton. His practical sense, and fine business qualifications, united with great popular address, soon drew him into public attention. He was repeatedly sent to the Legislature,—and on his first appearance there, as on every succeeding return to the same body, he was with applause elected speaker. In 1844 he was elected to Congress. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, he entered the army, resigning his seat in Congress, and returning home, where he raised a regiment, and was appointed by President Polk to its command. His career as an officer during the war, was brilliant. He had independent command, and never was defeated, fighting the enemy in 8 or 9 battles. His seige of Taos with 300 men was memorable, taking the place with trifling loss, 1300 prisoners, its arms and supplies. He was rewarded with a Brig. General's commission, and made Military Governor of Chihuahua. His record had given him a national fame, and especially added to his already extended influence in his own State. In 1852 he was elected Governor of Missouri, and in the discharge of its duties, engraved his name on its annals, as the best and most efficient chief magistrate she had ever had. With an unusual share of administrative ability, he had industry, with a Jackson will, but the genuine, "*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*" Afterwards he served the State as Bank Commissioner. A new convention having been called to revise the constitution of the State at the session of 1860—1 he became a candidate for Chariton as before stated. At the organization of that body, he was chosen President, so great was his reputation as a presiding officer, being universally regarded by the ablest Parliamentarians as the best in Mis-

souri, if not the first in the nation. Throughout his entire public life, he maintained a character for eminent ability and spotless integrity—no man in the State had more of its confidence. At this particular juncture he comes upon the stage as one of the great actors of the war.

It was in May, after the development of the coercive policy of President Lincoln, that under a law of Missouri, the State Guard was formed, with Sterling Price as Maj. Gen. commanding. Making his head quarters at Jefferson City, he proceeded in the arduous task before him. Throughout the deliberations of the Convention, of which he was President, and up to the very moment, when he found the programme of that body, was the abolition of slavery, and military coercion on the part of the General Government, he had upheld the Union of the States, and the integrity of the Constitution, as one and the same thing, and indestructible, so long as the organic law was sustained. Secession he ever maintained as a heresy, but the government a contract between the States, to be broken by the inherent right of revolution. At this point he conceived the Constitution had been infringed, its obvious precepts annulled, the Southern States as a consequence to be oppressed, and their rights long recognised to be taken from them. The time for masterly inactivity had passed, such passiveness only tightened the coils of the enemy, with the prospect of relief more remote. All efforts at adjustment had been abortive, blood had been shed, and war, full panoplied war, faced the nation. With such views of the constitution, as an honest man, he could not hesitate. With all the earnestness of his nature, he enlisted for the war, in behalf of the South. Determined even yet, to maintain peace and order, in his own State, he essayed on terms in a treaty with Gen. Harney,—a treaty of national disbandment and neutrality. He proceeded to carry out his part of such agreement, but the Federal Government soon abrogated it on their side. Capt. afterwards Gen. Lyon, was placed in command. Camp Jackson at St. Louis was captured, Jefferson city was marched upon, and evacuated by Price, who retired to Boonville. Here he prepared for resistance. Troops, volunteers flocked in, improvised for the occasion, raw, undisciplined and unarmed, except with the common fowling piece of the country and such ammunition as could be hastily gotten up. Just before the arrival of Gen. Lyon, at or near Boonville, he was prostrated with sickness, too unwell to leave his bed. The command devolved upon Col. Jno. S. Marmaduke, and Lieut. Col. Horace H. Brand, with an inferior force, inferior arms, no artillery, and contending against United States regulars. The troops, deprived of the presence of Gen. Price, in pursuance of Gov. Jackson's orders, made but a feeble resistance, and after fighting with small losses on either side, the Governor thought it unwise to continue the engagement, and ordered a retreat and disbandment of the forces, to meet again at a point on the Arkansas line in South Western Missouri. Gen. Price was conveyed to Lexington, and in a few days was sufficiently recovered to travel in an ambulance, and with a few staff officers and friends, in this way moved on to Coastin prairie in South West Missouri. Here he raised and received recruits, until by the last of July, 1861, he he had partially armed and equipped about six thousand men.—Without a quarter-master, commissary, ordnance or medical bureau, no treasury, no arms, no ammunition, save the double barrel shot gun, and squirrel rifle,

the powder horn and shot pouch of the sportsman, he organised this rough, unpromising force, into regiments and brigades, and placed himself in communication with Brig. Gen. Ben. McCulloch, and urged an attack upon Gen. Lyon then at Springfield. Gen. McCulloch was at that time at Bentonville, Ark., with some 5000 Confederate soldiers. After considerable correspondence, and several interviews, the attack was agreed upon. Gen. Price therefore moved his force at once to Wilson's creek, ten miles from Springfield. We may here remark, that a purer patriot never went to battle than Ben. McCulloch. Yet with all his gallant devotion, there was a want of faith, a temporising timidity, which many regarded as peculiar in the man, as it was unfortunate for the cause. He seemed to distrust volunteers, to fear the nerve of the hardy Missourian, and laughed at the buoyant pretensions of the shot gun and rifle, contrasting them with the regular soldier, and well appointed arms and equipments of the United States. Gen. Price, on the contrary, well knew the enterprise and spirit of the volunteer patriots around him; he well knew the effectiveness of "buck and ball," he well knew the rough and broken country with its dense chaparral, he well knew the vital importance of taking time by the forelock, and preventing a re-inforcement at Springfield. He had faith in his own State, and hope and country and military prescience, animated him to consider defeat an impossibility. Forgetful of self, and regardless of that glory, which is the soldier's most coveted reward, he voluntarily tendered the command of the whole force to Gen. McCulloch, thus thinking he would insure a more hearty co-operation, and stronger confidence in the Confederate troops, who were unacquainted with him, and at the same time believed McCulloch invincible. The time set for the attack was the 10th of August, and the two armies, Price with 5000 men, and McCulloch with about the same number, to march upon Springfield, by different roads. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th, the march having been set for 8 o'clock that night, the weather was so threatening, and Price's men having no cartridge boxes, other than vest and pantaloons pockets, fearing the powder would become wet, it was determined to wait on the clouds, but to sleep on arms, and be ready to move at a moment's notice.

Gen. McCulloch had withdrawn his pickets late in the afternoon, and when this delay occurred, Gen. Price, with his usual caution, called his attention to the fact, and urged him to send out others. This was not done, hourly expecting a movement, but none was made. At six o'clock next morning the whole command was surprised. Lyon and Seigel were upon them, men were shot down as they rose from their blankets, and several encampments were entirely in the hands of the enemy. They were literally surrounded, Lyon on one side, Seigel on the other. McCulloch went to the Confederate forces, Price to the front, where General Rains, one of his own officers, was striving to hold Lyon in check, while aid could be rallied and sent him. Col. Horace H. Brand, and Capt. William H. Brand were both captured, the first by Lyon, the second by Seigel, in delivering the early orders of the day, showing the completeness of the surprise, both front and rear. But it is not our purpose to report the battle. Suffice it to say that Sterling Price, by the most reckless devotion of his own person, his commanding cheers to those hardy woodsmen, and his presence before companies of men in 40, 50 and 80 yards of the deadly musket,

saved the day, made him, in all eyes, a hero—*the hero of the day*, and Wilson's Creek ever memorable as one of the bloodiest battles and most signal victories of the war. The force estimated was about equal—and these estimates of the Federal strength were derived by the writer from officers captured; the loss, however, of the Federals was fully one half greater than that of the allies—Price and McCulloch.

After the battle McCulloch felt it to be his duty to return to Arkansas, though Gen. Price entreated him to unite with him in an expedition against Fort Scott and Lexington. Undaunted by this flat refusal at a critical period, with a soldiery now tried and proved, and a General they in return idolized, and a complement of 3000 muskets (Gen. Price taking the captured small arms, and McCulloch the artillery in division) he boldly moved on those two points. He fought and defeated the enemy at Fort Scott and Dry Wood, and then dashed on to Lexington, determined to capture its garrison of 4500 men, before it could learn of his advance in time for Gen. Fremont to reinforce. This he did most brilliantly, with a loss of 74 men killed and wounded—fighting for two days and a half. He could have taken it in one-fifth of the time, by a charge, but preferred slower progress, just as certain, and with small loss—steadily, therefore, he resisted the importunity of officers and men to charge.

Here we see a man, flying with 50 retainers across his State, an empire in itself, almost from one corner of it to another, before a victorious and thoroughly appointed army, raising in a few weeks, a force of 5000 men, arming, equiping and feeding them, without resources, but from captured stores of the enemy, winning a great battle by his own genius and headlong courage, establishing his popularity in the hearts of his command, equal, if not beyond precedent during the war, marching back to his starting point, and capturing an army and its entire outfit by an unconditional surrender. We maintain that here was the most substantial proof of both heroism and generalship. But if he proved himself the lieutenant and hero, shall we not claim him as the lover of right, and the patron of honor? Col. James A. Mulligan, or, (as he indignantly denied it, being always the gentleman and brave soldier,) Col. T. A. Marshall Jr., robbed the Farmer's Bank, at Lexington, of near a million of money, a large portion of it coin. On receiving these officers after the surrender, Gen. Price required a return of the money. Col. Mulligan denied any knowledge of it, but through Col. Marshall, all save $15,000 was returned. Gen. Price ordered Col. Brand to see it counted over to the officers of the Bank. Yet this man of justice, with a soul alive to every sentiment of rectitude, has been called a marauder and thief!

> "—— but on his crest
> Sat honor plumed."

President Davis told Gen. Price at Richmond, that he honored him more for this one act, than for any other in his victorious career. A noble mind appreciates a noble action. He well fills Horace's immortal sentiment.

"Not the lawless rage of citizens commanding him to adopt wicked measures, nor the stern look of the menacing tyrant, shakes from his fixed intention, the man who is firm and just in his purpose; nor the stormy south wind, turbulent ruler of the restless Adriatic, nor the mighty hand

of Jove, when hurling his bolts. Should the shattered orb itself fall upon him, its ruins would strike him undismayed."

The career Gen. Price had now run, with the fear and respect he had inspired in the Federal armies, had made his name a tower of strength, and a host in every tent, in every assemblage throughout the Confederacy. At this juncture no soldier stood higher—no not one. His mission to Lexington from Springfield, was but half fulfilled. He had gone there to take the place, obtain supplies and recruits, and sweep down like an avalanche upon St. Louis, uniting with Maj. Gen. Polk and his Confederate forces. Two facts checked the progress of this brilliant conception;—the one the order to Gen. Polk from the War Department for the Tennessee campaign, the other, his own failure to receive a large supply of musket percussion caps from Brig. Gen. McCulloch according to promise. He could not move upon St. Louis for the want of co-operation by Gen. Polk; he could not remain where he was, for the want of caps, threatened by Sturges on the North, and Fremont on the South. There was not three rounds of caps to the man. Hence he was forced to evacuate the place, and retreat towards Springfield—not even having time to organise fully 10,000 volunteers, who were then ready to enlist under his banner. The precious fruit of this almost bloodless victory, turned to ashes in his grasp, much to his own chagrin, even more so to the lamented Polk, who had so zealously seconded him in all his purposes. He left Lexington on the 30th Sept. crossed the Osage, and encamped on Sac River near Osceola. The terms of enlistment of his men was expiring, all were willing to re-enlist, but home and family, and their clustering endearments, rose to view, and each must return if but for a day. His command was thus reduced by the 20th December from discharges, to less than 5000 men, and he was threatened on all sides; by Lane from Kansas, by the forces from the North of Lexington, and by those coming out from St. Louis by Rolla. At this time he received 2500 recruits under Col. John T. Hughes, who were escorted into camp by Col. Clarkson, whom he had sent to meet and aid them in coming out. He now moved to Springfield, and again put himself in communication with McCulloch's forces, then under command of Cols. McIntosh and Hebert. His own force rapidly ran up to 9000 effective men, mostly infantry. His aim was to hold the State of Missouri, because of the richness of the country, and its mammoth capacity of subsistence; because of the priceless value of the Granby lead Mines, and because he most especially desired to confine the destroying tide of war to its limits, and leave Arkansas and the South free and unharmed. He could not do this unaided and alone. His force was too small to resist one of the best appointed armies ever put on foot by the United States. He argued the subject fully and repeatedly, in the most masterly manner, with McIntosh and Hebert, McCulloch then being at Richmond. He appealed to Albert Sidney Johnson, to the Richmond Government, and entreated the co-operating aid of the Confederate forces, there hoarded and rusting on the confines of Arkansas, while he was standing picket for the whole Trans-Miss. Department. He declared his willingness and ability to hold Missouri, to keep the Federal forces at bay, exhibited the tempting granaries and fat bullocks of the country; urged the great importance of holding the Granby Lead Mines, the rich returns the armies of the Confederacy would receive from the fearless yeomanry of the

State, and his own costliness as a boarder to the South—to say nothing of the loss of territory, the moral effect of backward movements, and the terrible ravages to the country by a hostile force. All to no effect. The Confederate authorities, McCulloch, McIntosh and Hebert, seemed blind to the situation. But the hour arrived—Curtis, Seigel and Davis advanced. Price as he advised his allies he would do, retreated, and Springfield and Granby fell luxuriously into Federal arms—no more to be reclaimed. He here conducted one of the most successful retreats on record. Millions of stores, wagons and teams, lead and cattle, and other property was carried out, not $5000 being lost, or 50 men—marching and fighting for four-and-a-half days and nights, and exhibiting an endurance and energy which astonished all, compelling the enemy themselves to say "old Price could beat the world running after a fight, or away from one." There was no catching him, or if they did come up with him they caught a Tartar, and met a mountain steadiness and ferocity, seldom the traits of a retreating column. But we cannot follow him minutely farther—suffice it to say, at the eleventh hour, the Confederate forces joined him, but the golden moment in ever present splendor before them, had fled forever. With sullen yet patriotic pride Price encamped on the Boston Mountains, within arms length of McCulloch and his forces. Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn had been placed in charge of the department, and learning the situation he ordered Gen. Price to assume command of the joint forces, and take the offensive. We are pained to say McCulloch refused to obey, taking the ground that a Confederate Brig. Gen. ranked a Maj. Gen. in the State service, in which all authority was against him. All for his country and the cause, nothing for himself, Price dispatched Van Dorn to come without delay, and assume command in person, he could not jeopardise the interests of the service, under the circumstances by doing so, feeling that perfect harmony was indispensable. Van Dorn arrived, the plan of attack was soon settled, a joint one by Price and McCulloch, the enemy then resting at Pea Ridge. The army was put in motion, and encamped on the 5th March at Elm Springs, attacked Seigel next day at Bentonsville, drove him out, and but for a false guide of Gen. McIntosh's, the whole force of 4000 would have been captured. Gen. Van Dorn remained that night at McCulloch's Hd. Qrs., and at his urgent request so changed the plan of battle, as to allow McCulloch to attack with his force on the South, while Price was to move as before around on the North. Total error—Price on the North, McCulloch on the South, the enemy between them, only three miles apart, yet in order for either to reach the other, twelve miles had to be travelled, by reason of the mountainous country. Price with 7300 men, McCulloch with 9000, either weakened, or pushed to extremity, could derive no aid in proper time from the other—an inferior force surrounding a superior one. Van Dorn rode up on the morning of the 7th, and informed Price of the change, who at once deeply regretted it, and urged its disadvantages.—Van Dorn yeilded, courier after courier was dispatched McCulloch, but it was too late. He was in action—aye at that very moment, both he and the impetuous McIntosh were martyrs to imprudence, in rashly exposing themselves.—McCulloch's command by the loss of its leaders was disorganised, and there the battle was soon over. Price with his 7000 veterans contrived to assail the unbroken Federals, now all united, and during the entire day, drove them

from point to point, sleeping that night in the encampment of the enemy of the same day, and feeding from his commissariat supplies. Daylight brought a return of the awful conflict of the day before, with like results. But with all the splendid dash of Van Dorn, he was not prepared to see men perform miracles. He said he could not believe those 7000 men could fight as they had done forever—he feared the dying out of vital energy. Alas, for Confederate arms that he thought so! Price could not convince him of their unshaken firmness,—and the retreat was ordered. Half an hour more, and the day would have been as glorious for Confederate arms as Wilson's Creek! The army left the battle field with joy and gladness, believing it was a change of base, and the dawn of sure victory. It was hours before they were undeceived—how sad the discovery, how bitter their regrets! The gallant Van Dorn was the only man whipped in Price's army! Here ends the career of this remarkable man, as Maj. Gen. of the Mo. State Guard, during which time by his unerring judgment, his fertility of resource, the dash and daring of his marches, and his amazing and improvising capacity, he extracted the largest applause, North and South, and with the exception probably of Stonewall Jackson, he begat and held to the very last hour of the war, a warmth of attachment in his immediate command surpassed by no officer in the service.

President Davis, great and good, as the people of the whole South know him to be, seemed never to appreciate, the colossal merit of Price. A man of military education himself, he thought all leaders in the army should have the same aids, and except where the ability of a man was such as boldly to strike his own mind, he rarely, if ever, rewarded it with superior or independent command.—Up to the present hour, he had ignored the claims of Price. But popular demand, army clamor and Congressional urgency, were too great longer to withstand, and the Major General's commission was ordered. Not, however, as was desired with independent command in Ark. and Mo. We honestly believe that this was one of the most unfortunate mistakes of the war. With such command, Price we think, controlling McCulloch, would have held Missouri, with its untold wealth, in men and economical resources; Pea Ridge would never have been fought; Springfield and Granby would never have been given up; the army of Fremont would have been captured or dispersed; Helena could not have been taken and occupied. The results of all which would have been, a new lease of health and vigor to the whole Western army of the Confederacy.

The fame of Gen. Price, due to him from his Missouri and Arkansas campaigns has scarcely begun. The merit and boldness of his plans, are known to the public. They must be analyzed from the stand point at which, with the aiding lights alone of the moment, he formed them. When his correspondence is opened, and before the world, it will gaze with admiring wonder, on a breadth of view, on a solidity of judgment, on an energy of purpose, and above all, a stalwart majesty of character, which will give him no retired niche in the temple of worth. His judgment of future events, based on the hypotheses he makes, they based on the facts surrounding him, show an intuitive knowledge grand and Napoleonic.

From this day forward, he never held independent command. A pioneer in energetic thought and action, his was not a genius to prosper under the harness of but the fewest men. Surely not, when tutored by the blundering vanity, or the mulish imbecility, (their

best indorsement) of a Pemberton or a Holmes. "They were in great power, spreading themselves like a green bay tree, but they soon passed away, and lo, they were not."

Though Southern arms were unsuccessful at Corinth, he alone won a fame, not eclipsed by that of his greatest victims. We cannot follow him to Iuka, and Farmington and Abbeville and Helena—they are not necessary, either to the purpose of this sketch, or his great name. But wherever he went, wherever he camped, especially wherever he fought, the peopled cheered with a zest and the soldier dared and bled and died as he would do under few other leaders. With the loftiest respect, "Old Pap," had a deeper hold on the very heart of the soldier than any man in the Confederate army. His greatest fault was leniency as a commander; at times it became censurable, greatly so, by throwing discipline into disrepute. We suppose none will deny, that the healthiest orders were issued from his Hd. Qrs. and the failure of discipline in a large number of cases, was due more to his subordinate and brigade commanders, than to himself—yet he held them by too loose a rein. So far as the conduct of the war is concerned, it was guided by humanity and the law of Nations—he fought on the same principle as Lee fought. The enemy transgressing the rules of civilized warfare, gave him no license to do wrong. In truth with no religious profession, he yet feared doing wrong, as much as any man we ever knew. It is unnecessary to say he was brave—the scars of Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge, and the universal acclaim of every battle in which he was an actor tell of that. His iron nerve, was never doubted; not the impetuous ecstacy of Murat, nor the cold prerogative of Macdonald, but an intimate blending of the two. He may well be classed with Ney or Lannes, Polk or Hood—the bravest of the brave. It is not the design of this sketch, to analyze critically the elements of character, going to form and complete the man. As to his merit in civil life, that does not entirely belong to the purpose of this article, which is simply to give a general, yet accurate idea of those splendid proportions brought into view by the war. Sufficient has been said to show that he earned for himself the plaudits of the people for whom he fought, with the titles of Hero and Captain. He so impressed himself upon the State Guard in 1861—2; he made the same impression upon the Confederate troops with whom he served; he exacted the severe respects of the army and government of the United States, as well as the most grateful and honoring notices from the Congress of the South. This verdict will not, we believe, be set aside. He was emphatically a people's man, accessible to all, the division or brigade commander, the modest lieutenant, or the humble private—and to each he gave respectful audience. Just and honest before the war, he still stands before the world—friend and foe—an honest man. Like most men, unsealed to flattery, he may have under estimated, and over estimated men, thereby, and doubtless did—we think so—but never with premeditated injustice.

Gen. Price has gone to Mexico, if reports are true, with the purpose of making it his home and country—nay, not his country—for we hold it impossible that any man, with his brain and affections, can shake off both educated and natural patriotism. He cannot do it. His heart, like every great or brave heart, in the land we love, yet yearns for the glory and prosperity of the great nation, from which, he is said to have expatriated himself.

"A poor unmanly melancholy sprang from change of fortune," cannot so afflict his noble nature. Disappointed in his hopes he may be distrustful of his reception by former friends and neighbors, yea doubtful of his pardon by the General Government. We do not so regard the prospect. Gen. Price has honestly and well taken a leading part, in the great revolution, the entire South stood so manfully to achieve. He has forfeited the respect of no one, save the blind partisan, or the bloodthirsty puritan. On the contrary he has won upon their sympathy and regard; for duty performed commends itself to the heart of every well regulated child of Adam.—He has committed no outrage, no act of his life can bring the blush of shame to his cheek, or disturb the most extravagant conscience. We differ with all those, who look for refuge to another land, another nationality. The South staked her all upon the issue just decided. She lost. She is willing to pay the penalty, has paid it—and is still paying it. She has nearly resumed her old place in the government, and her soldiers have determined, under the wise policy of President Johnson, to accept in loyal faith his generous amnesty, faithfully to serve the United States, and strive to promote all solid ends of government, as freely, as fully, as manfully, as during the past four years they fought for separation. So we speak and feel, and so shall we act. Now is the day and the hour when such manhood as Gen. Price possesses this nation needs, in carrying out her new policy. Let him return. Let him go cheerfully to his old home, with form erect, that face blooming with honest pride, and like Lee and Johnson, strike again for the national and social progress of his own, his native land.

Say not with the Grecian misanthrope,

"Come not to me again; but say to Athens
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom one day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover."

W. H. B.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

This article contains strictures upon officers which we do not endorse; and our pages will be open for a reply from their friends.

GENERAL LEE AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

There he stood, the grand old hero, great Virginia's god-like son—
Second unto none in glory, equal of her Washington!—
Gazing on his line of battle as it wavered to and fro,
'Neath the front and flank advances of the almost conquering foe:
Calm as was that clear May morning ere the furious death roar broke
From the iron-throated war-lions crouching 'neath their clouds of smoke;
Cool as though the battle raging was but mimicry of fight,
Each brigade an ivory castle and each regiment a knight.
Chafing in reserve beside him two brigades of Texans lay,
All impatient for their portion in the fortune of the day.
Shot and shell are 'mong them falling, yet unmoved they silent stand,
Longing—eager for the battle, but awaiting his command.
Suddenly he rode before them as the forward line gave way,
Raised his hat with courtly gesture—"Follow me and save the day."
But as though by terror stricken, still and silent stood that troop
Who were wont to rush to battle with a fierce avenging whoop;

It was but a single moment, then a murmur through them ran,
Heard above the cannon's roaring, as it passed from man to man,
"You go back and we'll go forward," now the waiting leader hears,
Mixed with deep impatient sobbing as of strong men moved to tears.
Once again he gave the order "I will lead you on the foe;"
Then through all their line of battle rang a loud determined "No!"
Quick as thought a gallant Major, with a firm and vice-like grasp,
Seized the General's bridle, shouting, "Forward boys, I'll hold him fast."
Then again the hat was lifted, "Sir, I am the older man,
Loose my bridle, I will lead them," in a measured tone and calm.
Trembling with suppressed emotion, with intense excitement hot,
In a quivering voice the Texan, "you shall not, sir, *you shall not!*"
By them swept the charging squadron with a loud exultant cheer,
"We'll retake the salient, General, if you'll watch us from the rear."
And they kept their word right nobly sweeping every foe away,
With that grand grey head uncovered watching how they saved the day.
But the god-like calm was shaken, which the battle could not move,
By this true spontaneous token of his soldier's child-like love.

TENELLA.

REVIEW NOTICES.

REAL AND IDEAL. By John W. Montclair, Philadelphia, Frederick Leypoldt, 1865.

We have been kindly furnished with a copy of this book of poems containing 119 pages. It is well-bound, well-printed, and has such a general excellence in its finish, as to excite our regret that there is no work like it done at the South. We have no Publishers who could execute so neat, accurate and tasteful a job. The volume is accompanied with a pencil note, "please notice and extract." We have discharged the former part of our duty and are glad that the remaining one is confined to extracting. The style, the spirit and calibre of the author can be better shown by extracts than by folios of criticism. In looking over the table of contents, we selected "Stars and Stripes" as the theme most likely to kindle the poetic fire in a loyal soul. We give three verses from this poem.

"Never more shall labor languish,
Paralyzed by tyrant might;
For our "Stars," they are unfurled
To dispel want's cloudy night.

Fierce barbarians must not plunder
Nor may lorded serfs defy;
For our "Stripes" shall flash upon them,
Like the lightning from the sky.

And when traitor foes are gathered
Where the battle's thunder roars
Let the blue-gemmed badge mount higher
Than the bird of freedom soars."

In regard to the meaning of the first two lines in the first stanza, we are not very clear. But we are confident that labor has never before languished at the South, as it has since these same "Stars" have been unfurled at every county court-house. Whether it has been "paralyzed by tyrant might," the "blessed Bureau," or natural indolence, we are not able to decide. The author uses a bold figure when he represents "want's cloudy might" as being dispelled by the "Stars" painted on a banner. Those who have followed in the wake of Sherman and Sheridan have not been able to see things in so poetic a light. Of our own personal knowledge, we have known women and children to subsist for days upon corn trampled on the ground where the

Cavalry had fed their horses, and had been so thoughtless upon going away as not to destroy it. The second verse puzzles us entirely. Who are the "fierce barbarians," so finely warned not to plunder? If intended for the "bummers" of Sherman, it was kindly meant, but came too late. Who are the "lorded serfs" directed not to defy? He surely cannot be so disloyal as to speak in this disrespectful manner of the freedmen. We earnestly hope not. Moreover, we are puzzled to know how these stripes on a sheet of bunting "can flash like lightning from the sky" unless, indeed, it be sheet lightning is meant. Who are the "traitor foes" in the last verse? Does he mean the late or the present rebels, soldiers or Jacobins? An idle question, it may be, since Jacobins never go "where the battle's thunder roars." But all this may have been a poetic battle—a war of hate and words, in which Jacobins could safely be champions.

It is not right probably to bring poetry down to the measure of sober facts, but when we read about the "blue-gemmed badge" soaring higher than the bird of freedom, we concluded that the man meant that the "ould flag" was to go up higher than the eagle flies. If that be the meaning, what becomes of the color-bearer? The post of color-bearer has never been a very safe one to either rebel or union soldier, but its terrors will be fearfully increased with these lofty flights.

In a sad, prophetic spirit, the author has a touching piece called "Dead Authors," concluding

——"and each page
Tells of rash men drowned in oblivion's sea
By the avenging muse of Poetry."

If this had been the concluding poem it would have been the most appropriate in the volume. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE SIGNET AND JOURNAL. A Monthly Magazine devoted to Free Masonry, Science and General Literature.

This neat and well-printed Magazine is published at Macon, Ga., for five dollars a year. Single copies 50 cents. It has 48 pages of reading matter. The articles are chiefly those relating to the Order, but treated in a manner to be of general interest. It deserves and doubtless receives a wide circulation. Georgia is taking the lead of the Southern States in her effort to establish a home literature. May her exertions be crowned with abundant success.

"THE SAVANNAH JOURNAL OF MEDICINE, published at Savannah, Ga., Volume V. This is a Bi-Monthly Journal, containing 72 pages of original, selected and editorial matter." Price $4 a year.

A medical friend in whose hands this Journal was placed for critical examination has expressed his high appreciation of it.

THE MEDICAL REPORTER. A Semi-Monthly Record of Medicine and Surgery. St. Louis, Missouri.

This contains 23 pages of reading matter. Price $3 a year.—Our judgment in medical matters is but little worth. We, however, have been pleased with the Journal, and not the least of its merits to our mind is that it is so freed from technical jargon that any one can understand it. The article on Trichiniasis interested us greatly, and we understood the greater part of it. Two or three words were too long for us. We had been reading a horrible account of the dissemination of this dreadful disease, by one John Clapson, for the purpose of making money. A more cool, deliberate, desperate piece of wickedness was never perpetrated than this wretch was guilty of for the

sake of gain. We know nothing of his history, but have no doubt that the villian was a Jacobin of the purest water, that he has turned up the whites of his eyes a thousand times over the sins of the South. A betting man might safely lay a wager of a thousand dollars against a penny that John Clapson belongs to the straitest sect of the Southern-hating Jacobins. Who will give us his *birth-place* and his political opinions?—We think that we know the former as well as the latter.

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, conducted by an Association of Ministers, is published Quarterly in Columbia, S. C. Price $3 for each volume of about 400 pages.

This very able Quarterly is the organ of that branch of the Presbyterian Church in the United States which recognizes the Lord Jesus Christ as the Head of the Church. The number before us contains five articles, each of marked ability. The last article is by the Rev. Jno. B. Adger, D. D., and is called "Northern and Southern Views of the Province of the Church." It sets forth very clearly the great fact that while the South acknowledges Christ to be the Sole Head of the Church, the Northern Presbyterian Church owns the authority of Cæsar in matters spiritual. The difficulty just now, we apprehend, is to decide who Cæsar is—President, Congress, or Judiciary. This question seems to perplex them at this juncture, and we hope that it may turn away their thoughts for a little season from the sins of the Southern people.

The first article, from the pen, as we suppose, of Rev. Dr. Atkinson, of Raleigh, N. C., is called "Puritanism and Presbyterianism," the object being to prove that these are widely different things. It is certainly strange that such a disclaimer should come up from the Southern Presbyterian Church after the lapse of two centuries, during which almost every American book, from the folio to the primer, had taught the glory of Puritanism. But an extract will best show the spirit and the meaning of the writer.

"Puritanism, as it exists here, was the transplanting of the Puritanism or Independency of England: Presbyterianism, mainly of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish—as different an element from the other as the Celt from the Saxon. Puritanism is English character intensified by English tyrrany, and transplanted to New England, there to enact a new chapter in the history of the great English race. Presbyterianism is Scotch and Scotch-Irish character, and has many of the features of that race, which has been urging a war of resistance to English aggression from the days of Bannockburn, Dunbar, Ayrsmors and Londonderry, down to the exodus of the Free Church of Scotland; whose whole history has been one struggle for Christ's crowned covenant. Presbyterianism was an organized institution in Scotland a century before this existing form of Puritanism was born, and was as different from it in age, in origin, and in principle as John Knox was from Oliver Cromwell. It is asserted by many, and changes have been rung on the assertion in every form of utterance, that the great struggle which lately convulsed our country, was only a renewal of the contest between Puritan and Cavalier—that the North is the embodiment of the spirit of the Puritan, whilst the South is that of the Cavalier, and that the English Cavalier is the father of all that is chivalric and heroic in the Southern character.

"Against this assumption we enter our solemn protest, in the name of all history, as a cruel injustice to some of the noblest names of the past. We do not desire to discuss the English Cavalier, or to determine his precise place in history. But the simple truth is that the English Puritan and the English Cavalier are both types of the same essential English character, and if we judge of both by their acts, either in the old world or in the new, either under Cromwell and the Charleses there, or under the men who burnt witches in Massachusetts, and those who fined and imprisoned Baptists and Presbyterians in Virginia. We prefer to have neither for our masters, for they both have been hard masters when they had the power. And as we protest against the Puritan assumption that he embodies all that is good at the North, so we protest against the Cavalier assumption that he embodies all that is noble at the South. Both are specimens of the self-same English spirit, which can see nothing good in any direction that does not trace its origin to England.

"By what right of historic truth is this assumption made for the English Cavalier? Were the Huguenots of Virginia English Cavaliers? And must we reckon as mere ciphers in the history of the Old Dominion that gallant band in whose baptismal registry we read such names as Maury, Fontaine, Lacy, Munford, Flournoy, Dupuy, Duval, Bondurant, Trent, Monteure, Ligon, Legrand and others, whose living representatives remain to do honor to their fathers? Were these French Presbyterians nothing because they were not English Cavaliers? And shall we reckon for nothing that sturdy stream of Scotch-Irish, which, starting from Cumberland Valley, in Pennsylvania, poured its conquering tide of hardy emigrants along the Valley of Virginia, westward to Tennessee and Kentucky, eastward to the Carolinas and Georgia? Shall we ignore that living girdle of Presbyterian valor that stood "like a stonewall" between the howling savages and the settlements of Eastern Virginia; that furnished such men as Andrew Lewis and his contemporaries; that has furnished as much eloquence and heroism as any race in our land, in the Prestons, McDowells, Breckinridges, Campbells, Shelbys, Seviers, Browns, Hoges, Waddels, and others; that has bequeathed some of the most honored names of the past and the present; that poured out its blood on every great battle-field of our land in both Revolutions; that has given to our annals such names as John C. Calhoun, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, and our own immortal Stonewall, and others, whose memory the world will not soon let die? Shall those men of West Augusta, where Washington resolved to make his last stand for liberty if driven from every other spot, shall they pass for mere ciphers because not English Cavaliers? Were the Scotch-Irish of North Carolina nothing, who issued the Mecklenburg Declaration and shed the first blood of the Revolution on the banks of the Alamance? Were the Huguenots of South Carolina nothing who bequeathed to our history such names as Laurens, Marion, Horry, Manigault and others? Were the Scotch-Irish of South Carolina, who sent to the field such elders as Pickens, Williams, and scores of others, and who sent even ministers from the pulpit that poured their blood on the battle-field in that great contest, merely ciphers because not English Cavaliers? And were the early settlers of Georgia, of the Gulf States, or the States of the South-West either English Cavaliers or ciphers? Is it then fair to history, or fair to the memory of the heroic dead, to assign this monopoly of chivalry to the English Cavalier? Is it not rather a repetition of that same English spirit of boastful assumption, which, having made Plymouth Rock the blarney stone of the North, would rear a similar monument of self-laudation on the sands of Jamestown? Give, then, to Puritan and Cavalier their rightful due, both of praise and of blame, as far as they deserve them. But let not the double injustice be done, that these assumptions undoubtedly do commit, of charging on the Presbyterian the sins of the Puritan, and decking the Cavalier with the hard won honors of the Presbyterian. They all deserve both commendation and censure, for they were but fallible men. We do not pretend to assign their share to either class, but only affirm that the English Cavalier does not differ from the English Puritan by any broader line of blood or of race, than both differ from the Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and French Presbyterian, (the three classes) from whom mainly have come the Presbyterians of this country."

We are sure that no apology is needed for making this long and eloquent extract from so valuable a work as the Southern Presbyterian Review. We hope, too, that after reading the lucid statement above, no candid person will think of identifying the Presbyterianism of the South with the Puritanism of New England.

The Review is in the 16th year of its life. Gen. Sherman in the "war for the Union and the great interests of humanity," burned its office and press, thereby causing a suspension of publication for one year.

"THE BAPTIST CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MESSENGER" is the title of a new Monthly started in Yorkville, S. C. It is, of course, devoted very properly to the interests of its own church, but it has articles which commend themselves to Christians everywhere. We make an extract which we are sure will find a hearty response all over the South:

"We owe it to ourselves, to the negroes and to society to improve them. But how shall this be done without the means and without the opportunity; the negroes can do but little for their own improvement. It devolves upon others—upon us. Many of these negroes are yet members of our families. They are our servants. Something might be done for their improvement by a system of teaching at home. Many might be taught to read by requiring them to use their leisure hours in studying, with some help on the part of members of the family. Some may object that this would require sacrifice, and would not pay. So does every good work of a moral and religious

kind. Yet we dare not shrink from the task."

The price of the Magazine is $2,00 a year, and it contains 30 pages of reading matter.

It is a singular fact that while Southern arms have signally failed to establish the principles of State Rights, the *Old Guard*, edited by a gentleman born in Maine, and published in the city of New York, should throw its banner to the breeze, inscribed with the watch-word, "The political principles of 1776 and 1787." It is grateful to the Southern heart to find a Monthly published in the same city with Harper's caricature upon Southern society, which is kindly disposed towards our ruined and impoverished people. There is a noble generosity and disinterestedness about this enterprise, which appeals strongly to us to support it, so far as our poverty will admit. Had the Editor pandered to the passions and prejudices of the war, he would have gained fifty subscribers where he now can scarcely get one. But whatever may be the political sins of the South, ingratitude has not been one of our characteristics, and should a brighter day ever dawn upon us, we trust that the Old Guard, the Metropolitan, the News, the World and the Day-Book will not be forgotten. By the way, we are sorry to say that the engravings of the Southern Generals, Longstreet, Hampton, &c., in the Old Guard, do not give them so becoming a presence as justice requires. If our *handsome* leaders are thus dealt with, the *ugly* ones had better beware.

The copy before us of this monthly contains 63 pages of excellent matter, on well-selected subjects. Price 25 cts. a number.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR, published at Athens, Ga., has been placed upon our table. The copy before us is No. 6 of Volume XXIV. This brief announcement is the most eloquent eulogy that can be pronounced upon this admirable monthly. How many thousands of dailies, weeklies and monthlies have perished, while it has been carrying on its work of practical usefulness. If the Southern farmer needed such a guide under our old system of labor, he doubly wants it now, and we hope to see in each number valuable suggestions adapted to the changed relations of the country. It has 20 pages of reading matter exclusive of advertisements. Terms $2,00 a year.

THE AMERICAN FARMER, published by James Young, 144, Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md., for $2,00 per annum,

Is the oldest agricultural journal in the United States. It is neatly gotten up in pamphlet form, and has 35 well-printed pages of valuable matter. The July number of the Farmer, (the one we have seen) is full of important information. There is not a page of it which does not contain something which should be known and remembered. We have been specially interested in the article on top-dressing, and the re-print of Prof. Henry Tannier's Prize Essay on "Cultivation and Manures as Fertilizing Agents."

EDITORIAL.

We are much gratified to learn that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has a new novel in press, the hero of which is the Rev. Mr. Fritz, of the Freedman's Bureau, the philanthropist of New Berne, N. C. We hope that she will give the birth-place of this Reverend gentleman as well as that of Lagree of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."